

The Listener

and
B.B.C. Television Review

Vol. LXIII. No. 1631.

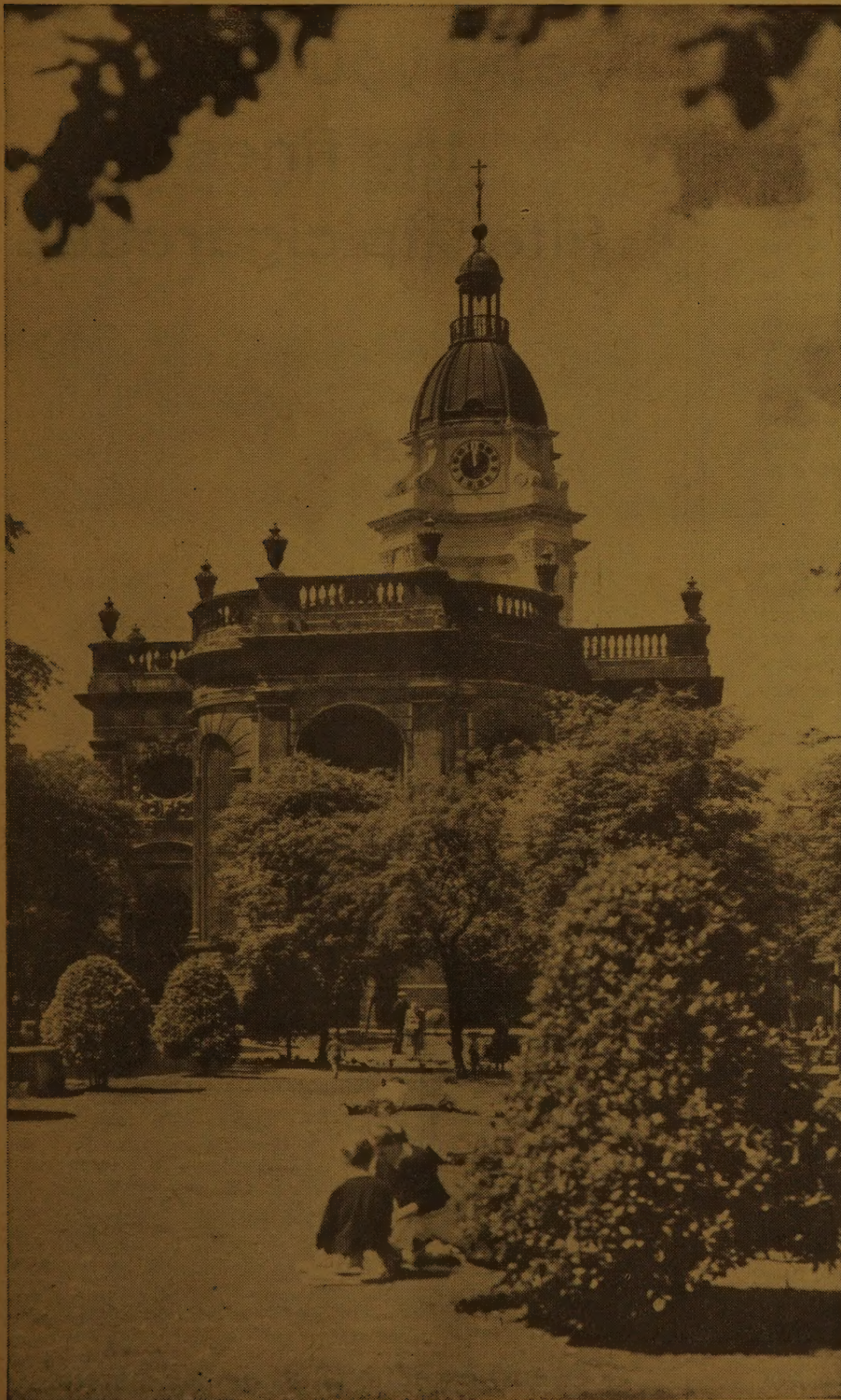
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Has Nationalism a Future?

By David Thomson

Power and Democracy in the
Labour Party

By Ivan Yates

Buddhism in Everyday Life

By Prince Chula of Thailand

The Restoration and the
Constitution

By T. F. T. Plucknett

Increasing the World's Food
Supply

By Magnus Pyke

The Civet-cats of Stoke
Newington

By Francis Watson

Britain's Changing Towns—
I: Birmingham

By Ian Nairn



TINKER, TAILOR . . .

By PODALIRIUS

We have all heard of, and some of us have seen, a housemaid's knee or a student's elbow; but how many of us can say as much of a baseball finger or a Billingsgate hump? In fact, occupational titles for ailments are only less common than physicians' eponymous ones. The latter, of course, have the advantage of giving a kind of immortality to the doctor in question; which may help if, an early victim as well as the first recorder of a new malady, he is unsure of his prognosis. The profession may be forgiven this foible if one recalls that coronary thrombosis used to be known to doctors as 'the doctors' disease', and that it still afflicts them.

Housemaid's knee and student's elbow consist of an inflammation of a small cushion-like sac in the regions named. We need not speculate on their cause, or on that of the similar parson's knee and weaver's bottom. Baseball finger is better known as mallet finger. It is not peculiar to that sport, any more than humping and its consequence are to Billingsgate. In the days when nitrate of mercury was used to felt fur, the hatter's shakes was a sign of chronic mercurial poisoning. ('Don't be nervous', you will remember the King saying to the Hatter, 'or I'll have you executed on the spot'.) Chauffeur's fracture, due to a mishap with a starting handle, is less common now that the cause and its usual victim are not much with us; but writer's cramp does still afflict those who do small, quick, repetitive movements. Rock cramp could be its new name.

No trade indeed is without hazard. There is a barber's rash, though it afflicts his customers more often than it does the barber. Grocers have their itch from handling sugar, and bakers theirs from mixing dough. Butcher's wart, a local form of tuberculosis, should vanish after this year when all our cattle will be TB free. Potter's asthma was a form of pneumokoniosis, and wool-sorter's disease a severe type of anthrax.

Most of these diseases of status are now less common, thanks to our public health services and the enlightenment of industrialists. But they were also, most of them, peculiar to the manual worker. Surely the upper social strata have their proper ailments; and yet who ever heard of Duchesses' Disease (syn. turnstile nystagmus) or of Generals' Colic (syn. authors' ague)? And is there no itch peculiar to take-over circles, no allergy to television make-up among politicians? Certainly there is one minor top-crush ailment that is likely soon to become epidemic. It is seen on aeroplane steps, and might be called Statesman's Staggers.

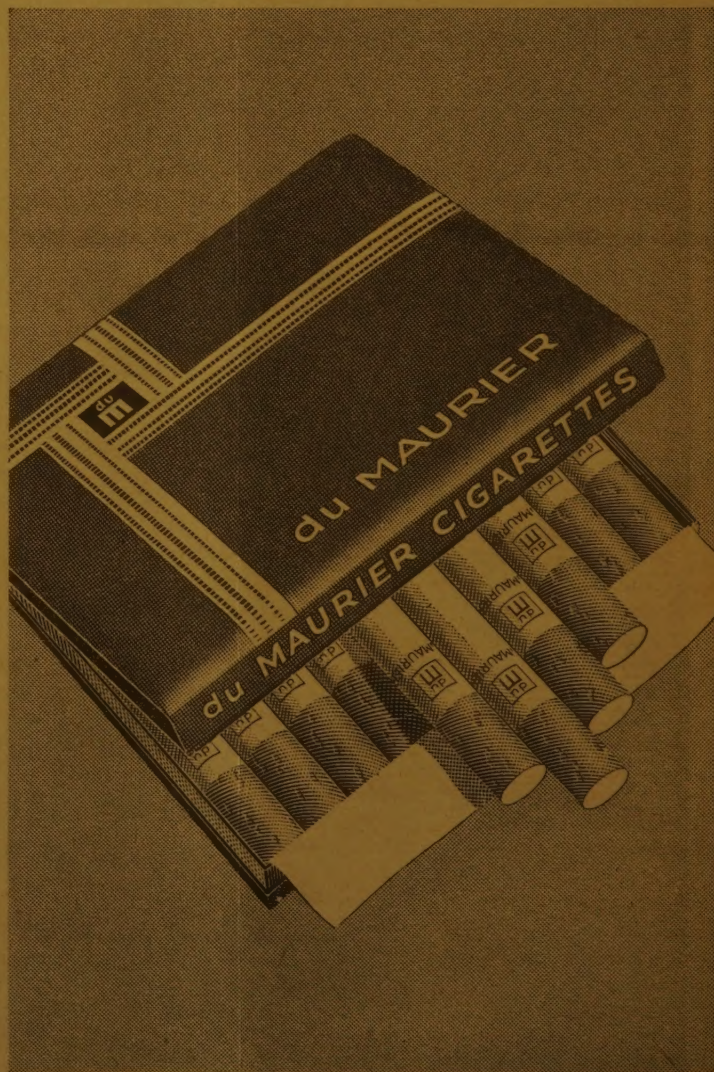
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You are right, Podalirius, status diseases are becoming less common. But in these days of greater equality more and more of us suffer from the same troubles. Take, for instance, the average diet; it isn't always as wholesome as it seems. Far too often it is deficient in vitamins, minerals and protein—those vital nutrients so important to our health. Fortunately, however, Bemax can make good this common deficiency because Bemax is stabilised wheat germ—the richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement known to man. Try sprinkling a little on your food each day. You can get Bemax from your chemist.

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The Listener

Vol. LXIII. No. 1631

Thursday June 30 1960

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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Has Nationalism a Future?

By DAVID THOMSON

NATIONALISM in 1960 has so captivated the hearts and minds of men everywhere that it must rank as one of the strongest formative forces in the modern world. Its spread, from Europe to all other continents, seems to have reached a climax in the great post-war ferment of nationalist movements in Asia and Africa.

But vast historical movements of this kind, when they reach the height of their influence, have a habit of losing momentum and suffering serious reversals. It is at just such a moment that the historian learns to look for the earliest signs of other new forces—indications of the shape of things to come. The more powerful and apparently irresistible the tide, the more abrupt is its recession liable to be. This is partly because a great movement such as nationalism, being rooted in the past and itself the product of a particular phase of human history, tends to get out of date in an entirely new context of economic and social conditions; but it is also because its very triumph exposes some of its shortcomings and breeds disillusion with its principles and consequences, and this in turn stimulates the growth of new, different patterns of action and organization.

What, then, is the likely future of nationalism—its future within, say, the rest of this century? This is an age of very rapid change indeed. History moves fast. We can expect populations to increase, productivity to expand, scientific knowledge and technical 'know-how' to advance, even faster these coming forty years than during the last forty years. As men struggle to adjust themselves to these quick changes in conditions, are they not likely to become more and more impatient with the rather rigid and restricting confines of nationalist loyalties, national ways of life and organization? It is not at all unlikely that human society will soon, so to speak, outgrow the mould of nationalism. If so, the ideals of political self-determination and economic self-sufficiency would lose their attractions. The golden age of nationalism may be beginning to wane.

For half a century past the apostles of 'internationalism' have argued that this has already begun to happen: that if all states try to be sovereign in modern conditions they simply produce international anarchy and defeat their own aims of security. They have claimed that, because of world trade and investment, national economies are interdependent parts of one world economy, and therefore the dream of national self-sufficiency cannot be realized without sacrificing prosperity. Nation-states, they say, need to co-operate to achieve peace and welfare and, in doing so, must give up some of their jealous claims to separate sovereignty. This belief grew with the setting up of the League of Nations in 1919, and it led to the new experiment of the United Nations in 1945. Neither, so far, has included all the Great Powers. Each has depended on states joining it voluntarily and being free to leave it at will: and neither would have come into existence if it had not preserved, as its basis, the separate sovereignty of each member state. As the Charter of the United Nations puts it: 'The Organization is based on the principle of the sovereign equality of all its members'.

Far from 'internationalism' being hostile to nationalism, it presupposes nation-states, and makes them the indispensable basis for its activities. Yet its growth in recent times does show that some of the limits and shortcomings of pure nationalism are widely recognized. All governments which have co-operated in this way have implicitly admitted that there are certain interests common to them all which cannot be served by solitary action, that independence has to be modified to some extent by interdependence. We can take it, I think, that general international co-operation of this kind, whether within the United Nations and its various connected organizations, or through less general regional groupings of states, will go on far into the future. In this sense nationalism, too, has a positive future, for it is enshrined within such international organizations.

But the biggest stumbling-block of internationalism is signifi-

cant: there have been many disarmament conferences, but none has succeeded in reaching any substantial agreement to disarm. International fear and distrust have always been so great that no government could bring itself to rely on the good faith of others for its own defence and security. It is here that the historic claims and credentials of the nation-state come to seem most false. One main reason why nations so passionately insisted on having states of their own was the belief that only so could they be safe from foreign control or invasion. But now small nations just cannot afford the most powerful modern weapons—nuclear and hydrogen bombs and missiles: and big nations, which can afford them, risk suicide if they ever try to use them. There is no way out of this dilemma in terms of national sovereignty and independence.

Startling Encroachment

This fact has forced both large and small nations to invent new types of organization like the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and its counterpart for south-east Asia. In Nato, member-states have pooled their national forces and resources, and accepted a joint supreme command, in a way that they refused to do after 1919 and found it difficult to do even in the midst of war. Here, surely, is a startling encroachment on separate national sovereignty, at a level where states have traditionally been most jealous and unco-operative, and it must have great significance for the future of nationalism. The merger is not of course complete: the Powers have pooled only parts of their armed forces. But the Cold War has, in this way, changed the practical effects of national self-determination in the sphere of defence much more drastically than did war itself.

It is not only in matters of defence that this sort of thing has happened. Nationally controlled economies exist in a world where world trade, markets, and investments involve a large measure of economic interdependence. Confronted with this paradox, some countries have behaved in startlingly new ways. That states as historically distrustful of one another as France, Belgium, Western Germany, and Italy should enter into the Coal and Steel Community, for the collective handling of such vital commodities as coal, coke, iron and steel, is a dramatic modification of old nationalist attitudes and claims. The creation of a European Common Market reinforces this trend. These arrangements go far beyond 'internationalism' of the old kind, for it would be extremely difficult for any participant to withdraw from them. If they work well and yield clear advantages, they are likely to be extended and to find imitators.

There is yet a third way in which modern states have acknowledged that they need organizations outside themselves if they are to do effectively some of the things that modern states are expected to do. A host of special agencies has come into being, such as the World Health Organization and the Food and Agriculture Organization, and ranging from the older International Labour Organization to the newest, the International Atomic Energy Agency. They meet the obvious and avowed need for states, in modern conditions, to draw upon resources other than their own if they are to succeed in promoting the health and prosperity and welfare of their peoples. The Welfare State cannot afford to be merely a 'nation-state' if it is to fulfil its purposes.

Abandoning the Old Separateness

At all these three different levels, then—at the level of defence and security organization, of economic planning, production and trade, and of social welfare activities—our modern states have tended to abandon their old separateness. They have committed themselves to relying upon various forms of collective or joint organization to implement their policies. This has not meant, in one sense, any surrender of the power of decision by the separate governments. These organizations and agencies are mostly official, governmental bodies, in which representatives of the governments have the real 'say'. Governments have not handed over power to any other unofficial national or international authorities. In this sense, these developments are simply an extension of old-style 'internationalism' into new fields of activity. But they involve them in especially close and, one may hope, permanent ways of working together with other states.

Yet, in another sense, these events do mark a great change.

The diversity, extent and importance of this joint action are all so great that withdrawal into isolation has become more costly, perilous, and improbable. New habits of co-operation can grow, and are already growing. Violent assertions of absolute sovereignty and independence become less likely as they come to seem less sensible. The idea that one single authority—one sovereign state—can alone be responsible for all the affairs of everyone within its borders no longer matches the realities of our time. Already it has had to yield to a different idea—that these tasks of administration, like the burdens of defence, have to be shared out between the state and various other multi-national organizations. The outcome is not likely, in the foreseeable future, to be world government. We are more likely to see states being edged, piecemeal, in this direction by the pressure of practical necessities: a sort of reallocation of functions between national states and multi-national bodies.

If this goes on happening to the state and its activities, what becomes of nationalism? It was the passion for national self-determination that made states so jealous of their independence. Will national spirit or national loyalties be weakened? Frenchmen and Germans do seem more amicably disposed to one another now than at any time for the past 150 years. Belgians and Dutch have a long history of nationalist frictions, but now they work together happily within 'Benelux'. At least we have proof that national animosities weaken and shift, in a region of Europe where they are most ancient. There are some signs, too, that the newer, twentieth-century, nationalisms are not content with mere separatism. The Arab nations have formed the Arab League. The Asiatic nations have their Colombo Plan. There is a Pan-African sentiment and movement. These bonds that are wider than separatist nationalism have a strong racial texture, and could produce a supra-nationalist force that might be even more dynamic and disruptive than old-fashioned nationalism. It is too soon yet to be sure. But at least they may be modified—and moderated—by other trends of our times.

A Painful Modification

It is, for example, no longer so easy to draw a sharp line between 'internal' and 'international' affairs. The world learned from Hitler that what a government does to its own citizens today cannot be viewed with complete indifference, if it may go on to try to do the same things to other peoples tomorrow. There was no temptation for the world to look with indifference upon events in Hungary in 1956, or in South Africa in 1960. The peoples of the world are losing their reverence for the claim that national autonomy justifies and protects every abuse of power. There are some signs that the whole mood and 'ethos' of national self-determination are being gradually—and painfully—modified.

One final fact, so obvious that it is easily overlooked, is a pointer in the same direction. The world's greatest Powers this coming half-century are already designated. They are the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, the Soviet Union, and China. Not one of these four is, or can contrive to be, other than a multi-racial, multi-national community. All are large and diversified in population. All have evolved, in different ways, transcendent bonds of unity and sentiments of loyalty. If these may still be called nationalism of a sort, it is a new-style 'multi-national nationalism'. The predominance of these Powers is likely to stimulate other federal or more comprehensive groupings. It has, indeed, already done so: witness the moves towards western European union, and the growth of the new French 'Community' of nations.

The rearrangement of mankind into large, multi-national, composite blocs does not necessarily make it easier to keep the peace. Our peril comes, in part, from conflict between these much greater concentrations of power. But these transformations in the extent and working of modern states, and in the mood and meaning of national loyalties, mean that the terms in which we have to consider world problems now are new terms: not the traditional ideas of nationalism and the nation-state, but new categories of thought and action, many of them still to be devised.

This is the last of eight talks broadcast in the General Overseas Service on 'Nationalism in the Modern World'. Previous talks appeared in THE LISTENER of May 5, 12, 19, and 26; June 2, 16, and 23

Power and Democracy in the Labour Party

By IVAN YATES

THEY are frequently unrepresentative groups of nonentities dominated by fanatics and cranks and extremists': Sidney Webb is talking to his wife, Beatrice, about the constituency Labour Parties. 'If the block vote of the trade unions were eliminated', he went on, 'it would be impracticable to continue to vest the control of policy in Labour Party Conference'.

The Webbs were talking together in private, of course, and the year was 1930—midway through the life of the second minority Labour Government. But in a fast changing world the Labour Party stays much the same. And without accepting the description of Labour activists as either fair or complete I believe Sidney Webb touched the core of the Party's Constitution, uncovered the way the Party 'ticks'.

He did, after all, know what he was talking about. He had helped Arthur Henderson draw up the 1918 constitution of the party, which remains today, substantially unaltered, a written guide to the relationship between its various organs, the national executive, the Parliamentary Party, and annual conference. The constitution states that 'the work of the Party shall be under the direction and control of the Party Conference', and, again, that the 'national executive shall, subject to the control and directions of the Party Conference, be the administrative authority of the Party and shall be responsible for the conduct of the general work of the Party'.

Such words may at first sight seem to subordinate every organ of the Party to the dictate of annual conference. But I think it reasonable to interpret them to relate to the work of the Party *outside* Parliament—in the absence of any specific mention of the Parliamentary Party.

Sidney Webb, however, had referred specifically to the control of policy being vested in annual conference. And here, again, the constitution speaks with an uncertain voice. True, it declares that 'it shall be the duty of the national executive and the Parliamentary Labour Party, prior to every general election, to define the principal issues for that election'. But this relates to the Party's programme rather than its policy. And it has certainly not been the custom in the past for the Parliamentary Party as such to be associated with the production of policy statements, on which, after approval from the annual conference, the election programme would normally be based. But there is another passage in the constitution which lays down as one of the Party's objects the giving effect 'as far as may be practicable to the principles from time to time approved by the Party Conference'.

Mr. Robert McKenzie, in his encyclopaedic work, *British Political Parties*, has suggested that the phrase 'as far as may be

practicable' implies a right on the part of the Parliamentary Party to decide on the practicability of implementing principles approved by the conference. Equally, however, it might be argued that it was a mere form of words taking account of the impossibility of giving effect to the Party's principles while the Party itself was out of office, or, as was the case when the constitution was drawn up, was represented in a coalition government. A study of the Constitution, therefore, does not conclusively settle the question whether the Labour Party is 'democratic' in structure: whether, that is, its rank and file assembled at conference have the last word. If statute does not help, what of case law? What are the relevant precedents?

Lord Attlee, twenty years Leader of the Party, is good authority. He wrote in his pre-war book, *The Labour Party in Perspective*, that the Labour Party Conference 'lays down the policy of the Party and instructions which must be carried out by the executive, the affiliated organizations and its representatives in Parliament . . . The Labour Party Conference is in fact a parliament of the movement'. That description of the relationship between Parliamentary Party and annual conference



A meeting of the Labour Party conference, which controls and directs the work of the Party

was first painted in 1937 but was suffered to remain unaltered when the book was reprinted twelve years later.

In 1948, in a publication put out by Transport House, this view of the relationship was stamped with approval. A comparison was drawn between the Conservative Party, which has always been primarily a parliamentary party, and the Labour Party, where 'the final word rests with the annual Party Conference. The Parliamentary Party carries through its duties within the framework of policy laid down by the annual Party Conference to which it reports each year'.

There is, however, another view. When in 1920 Mr. Shinwell declared that 'the Parliamentary Labour Party is the property of the Labour Movement'—he was not yet an M.P.—he was roundly taken to task by Mr. J. R. Clynes, then acting as chairman or leader of the Parliamentary Party. 'The executive committee', he said, 'had no authority over the Parliamentary Party'. And if that was true of the executive, it was presumably equally true of conference, whose creature the executive was. Eight years later Ramsay MacDonald reinforced this view. 'As long as I hold any position in the Parliamentary Party—and I know I can speak for my colleagues also—we are not going to take our instructions from any outside body unless we agree with them'.

The two views are in clear-cut opposition. Mr. Aneurin Bevan went some way to reconcile them during the post-war Labour Government. At the 1947 conference, replying to a debate on a motion calling for legislation to abolish the tied cottage, he said:

'It is impossible for the conference not knowing the parliamentary situation to determine the parliamentary time-table. All the conference can do is to record its views on principles, and ask that they be implemented at the earliest possible moment'. The following year Mr. Bevan chose different words to say substantially the same thing: 'It is for the conference to lay down the policies of the Parliamentary Party, and for the Parliamentary Party to interpret those policies in the light of the parliamentary system. It is quite impossible for a conference of 1,100 people, even if it were constitutionally proper, to determine the order in which the Parliamentary Labour Party and the Government introduces legislation into the House of Commons'.

The Last Word

Put like that, Mr. Bevan's statement hardly justifies the recent assurance from Mr. Morgan Phillips that the Parliamentary Labour Party is an autonomous body. Certainly it is a poor sort of autonomy which is restricted to an interpretation of the policies laid down by conference, to determining the order in which legislation is introduced. Yet, if words mean what they say, that is the extent to which the Labour Party is a parliamentary party. Mr. McKenzie, however, has suggested that in fact, by determining the priority of legislation, the parliamentary leaders can, in effect, have the last word. If they do not like a conference resolution, they can ignore it by putting it at the bottom of the list of things to be done. And certainly it is true that the Labour Government never carried out the conference resolutions on tied cottages, which were passed both years in the teeth of Mr. Bevan's opposition.

Even this, however, was a negative exercise of power. Just how negative was shown best, perhaps, during the debate on German rearmament at Scarborough in 1954. Then both Mr. Attlee and Mr. Herbert Morrison insisted that if the platform were defeated on the issue it would mean that a future Labour Government would be 'tied and fettered'. However, the platform were not defeated. And it is because, somehow or other, they always scrape home victorious, that Mr. Robert McKenzie is able to advance his thesis: that, whatever the form may be, in fact the Labour Party is as much a parliamentary party as the Conservative Party; because the parliamentary leaders can control the Party through the support of the block votes of the big trade unions.

This control always seems to me to look more complete than it is, because in order to win the control of the big block votes the party leaders have often had to make concessions they would not have made but for the formally 'democratic' structure of the Party; while, since Mr. McKenzie published his book, the bitter struggles within the Labour Party have rendered that support more and more difficult to obtain. In particular, since Mr. Frank Cousins's elevation to the top post in the Transport and General Workers' Union, the close relations between the parliamentary leaders and the leaders of the big trade unions have been impaired.

So the tension between the leadership and the Parliamentary Party on the one hand and the conference on the other, which has always existed, has recently grown greater. It has always been immeasurably greater than in the Conservative Party, for reasons rooted in history. The origin of the Labour Party as a federation of local organizations, trade unions, trades councils, socialist and co-operative societies, which united to seek representation in Parliament denied to the working-class movement, sufficiently explains the difference. For the conservatives began as a Parliamentary Party and developed a mass party organization only in the second half of the last century.

Authority at a Cost

The tension in the Labour movement has been made tolerable in the past by ignoring its persistence. The leadership has maintained its authority, the Parliamentary Party its autonomy, by denying to the rank and file that it exists. But at what a cost! By a continuous process of flattery, delegates to conference are persuaded that they are the ultimate wielders of sovereignty; while simultaneously the leadership is working to ensure that they are never in a position to exercise it. The shifts and devices necessary to ensure this are nobody's business. The rank and file are fed on a diet of myth; the reality is concealed; and the result

is continuous frustration, excitement constantly bottled up. The more the block vote is used, the greater the demoralization among the rank and file and, increasingly, the greater the dissatisfaction of the general public.

Nor is it only the use of the block vote. There was the sleight of hand by which some of the unions increased overnight the number of members which they affiliated to the party, thus increasing with a stroke of the pen their vote at conference. There was the sudden switch of the Woodworkers' vote on German rearmament. There were the disputes over the use of the Amalgamated Engineering Union's vote when Mr. Bevan was making his unsuccessful bids for the treasurership. On top of all this came the procedural subterfuges: the picking of an extreme resolution, for instance, the better to stand a chance of defeating it. And behind lurked the heavy, relentless, almost automatic descent of the block vote.

The disillusion produced by the cumulative use of any or all of these stratagems, designed to maintain the myth that conference decides, the reality that the leadership controls, boiled up last year over Labour's nuclear policy, when Sir Thomas Williamson recalled his General and Municipal Workers' conference to secure support for the hastily contrived non-nuclear club policy. Now, once again, the same process is at work, the same almost daily calculations of the score of conference votes, the same hurriedly produced policy statement on defence, the same disillusion, the same public dissatisfaction.

What was it Sidney Webb said all those thirty years ago? 'If the block vote of the trade unions were eliminated, it would be impracticable to vest the control of policy in Labour Party Conference'. By 'eliminated' it is clear he meant 'lost to the parliamentary leadership'. And conference control of policy would be impracticable in those circumstances partly because it would result in wildly extreme and capricious policies and partly because it would gravely offend public opinion on that account.

A Change in Public Opinion

Since 1930, however, public opinion has changed, particularly towards the trade unions: so much so that today it would be difficult to say which would have the more unfavourable effect on public opinion: control of policy by annual conference, unrestrained by the use of the block vote, or the continued use of the block vote to bludgeon conference into voting as the leadership requires. Again, it is not just the block vote itself which irks. Every vote at conference, whether constituency party or trade union, is a block vote. It is the whole apparatus of trade union control.

Consider one example: the recent conference of the Amalgamated Engineering Union. Fifty-two members of the national committee of the union were gathered together to decide, among other things, how the votes of the Union—nearly a million of them all told—should be cast on Labour's nuclear policy next October. At least fourteen of those fifty-two men were communists, who as individuals would not be eligible to attend conference. But they were eligible to play a large part in deciding how the union's votes were to be cast on this crucial political issue five months later.

Nor is it just a question of communists helping to form Labour's policy. The social surveys tell us that more and more trade unionists are voting Conservative. Yet by virtue of their union membership they help to determine their opponents' policy! Has not the time come, then, for the Labour Party to explode the myth of control by annual conference and publicly proclaim the reality that the parliamentary leadership exercises the power of decision? It would be a painful business, partly because the myth has been so sedulously fostered over so long a period and partly because, as I have argued, the myth is not so completely a myth as has been suggested.

How could it be done? A straightforward amendment of the Party constitution to make the position clear beyond doubt would be the most satisfactory procedure. But recent experience over clause 4 of the constitution suggests that it is almost impossible to make any substantial change by direct amendment. The ingrained conservatism of the rank and file, cemented by suspicion of the leadership and distrust of their intentions, sees to that.

(concluded on page 1143)

Religion and the Russian Peasant

By WALTER KOLARZ

THE Soviet Academy of Sciences recently sent out an expedition to study the way of life and beliefs of the Russian collective farmers. That such an expedition was deemed necessary is in itself significant. For a long time Soviet propaganda has depicted the Soviet collective farmer as a progressive, boldly forward-looking person, working for the establishment of a fully fledged Communist society. It seems that the men in power have now found a flaw in this propagandistic image. They want to know the truth and this is why an expedition was despatched to four Soviet provinces to see what the Russian peasant is really like. The provinces which were chosen for this purpose were not by any means situated in the distant Siberian and far eastern lands, they were all in the heart of European Russia—in fact, not far away from Moscow, with its vast apparatus of ideological and political indoctrination. The expedition visited the provinces of Kalinin, Kostroma, Gorky, and Yaroslavl.

The Persistent Ikon

The complete findings of the expedition have not been published yet, but *Kommunist*, the official organ of the central committee of the Communist Party, has given a summary of them. The expedition was somewhat perturbed at the extent of religious survivals which it discovered, such as the presence of ikons in many peasant homes, the widespread observation of religious holidays, and the fact that religious ceremonies—christenings, weddings, and funerals—are still held in high honour by many people in the Russian countryside. The three members of the expedition who signed the summary warned against considering the ikons a harmless anachronism. Even an ikon in a house of an unbelieving collective farmer and village activist may assist religious propaganda. However, if ikons are in a house where there are still believers they are particularly dangerous, because they may serve the religious education of the children. It was, therefore, the task of atheist propaganda to explain to the people that ikons are both 'unnecessary and harmful'.

Also the christening of babies must not be considered lightly. The expedition found that christening was a rather stubborn survival in the way of life of the Russian peasant. In fact, it would be truer to say that there has been a revival of the sacrament of baptism rather than a survival. In the nineteen-twenties, and especially in the nineteen-thirties, christening was gradually disappearing; but this trend was reversed during the war and post-war years. This is particularly significant since most of the areas inspected were not occupied by the Germans during the war. It seems that the majority of the children born in the war and post-war years are baptized, and those who are not—those belonging to families of intellectuals and 'progressive' collective farmers—are the exception.

The expedition found that not only believing parents have their children christened but even people who themselves have not received baptism and who have no idea whatever about religion. Of course, the believing grandmother plays an outstanding part in safeguarding the continuity of baptism in the Russian village. Often she simply refuses to look after her grandchildren unless they are christened; and this threat seems to be highly effective since there are not enough crèches in the rural areas and the women collective farmers have nobody to look after their infants. Incidentally, the influence of the grandmother does not end with her insisting on christening; she also teaches the children prayers, puts crosses round their necks, takes them to church, and tells them religious legends.

It would be a mistake to think that children are christened only as the result of the pressure which grandmothers and grandfathers bring to bear on the parents. Members of the young generation also seem to be fond of this ancient custom. They do

not wish to give it up and in their attempt to preserve it they make involuntarily a move towards religion. But for whatever motive christening is being perpetuated, says *Kommunist*, it always maintains its religious spirit and it keeps alive an alien ideology.

Weddings and Funerals

Religious weddings in the villages which the Soviet expedition investigated have likewise become more frequent as a result of the war. In one rural district of the Kalinin province the collective farmers told the investigators bluntly that of late religious weddings have become 'fashionable'. Some people do not want to have their weddings solemnized by a priest but they are not prepared to forgo other parts of the religious wedding ritual such as the kissing of ikons. As to religious funerals, the expedition stated that they are 'very widespread' and people 'often prefer them to the civil funerals'. The latter were not sufficiently solemn and the relatives of the deceased therefore frequently resorted to the traditional ceremonial forms.

The expedition also took a rather serious view of the observance of local church holidays. They are a sore problem for the Communist authorities in most parts of rural Russia, and therefore also in the four provinces which were the object of the special investigation. These holidays, on which the local patron saint is celebrated, vary from village to village but all have in common that they are observed without any regard to the fulfilment of the agricultural plan. Occasionally they last for two or three days and cause considerable harm to collective farm production. The general meetings of collective farms frequently decide to abolish the celebration of church holidays, but when the time comes the holidays are observed in the usual way, with a great deal of time and money wasted in merry-making. The expedition considered that extensive work of enlightenment was necessary in order to abolish church holidays which, it insisted, gave rise to much drunkenness and a large number of disturbances of public order.

Dissatisfaction with the Young Atheists

The expedition of the Soviet Academy not only investigated the religious-minded people in the four Russian provinces but also had a good look at the atheists of the young generation. It seemed dissatisfied with what it found. It discovered among the young a kind of primitive and elementary atheism, just as there exists a primitive, elementary, and sociological religion. The young people, the expedition stated, could not be considered an active atheist force, for the reactionary essence of contemporary religious survivals remained largely hidden to them. They simply considered them as harmless, and therefore did not fight the influence exercised by the believing members of their families.

Here too we touch upon a problem which is not confined to the four investigated Russian provinces but which is common to all parts of the Soviet Union—the weak ideological roots which militant atheism has in the masses of the people.

—European Service

In *The Puritans and the Church Courts in the Diocese of York 1560-1642* (Longmans, £3 3s.) Dr. Ronald A. Marchant makes good use of ecclesiastical court records to describe the English Church's treatment of Puritans in Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire before the outbreak of the Civil War. On the whole, until Richard Neile was appointed Archbishop of York in 1632 at the age of seventy, they seem to have been pretty lightly treated. One suggestion is that the original departure of the so-called Pilgrim Fathers to Holland was due not to persecution but to an urgent desire for separation from the Church.

The Listener

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The yearly subscription rate to THE LISTENER, U.S. and Canadian edition is \$7.50, including postage; special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y. All communications (including letters for publication and poems which may be submitted accompanied by stamped addressed envelope) should be sent to the Editor at 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England

A Proud Episode?

AT the end of last month was commemorated the three-hundredth anniversary of the restoration of King Charles II to the thrones of England and Scotland. We have been publishing a number of illuminating talks on this subject, which have been broadcast in the Third Programme under the title of 'The Birth of Modern England'. On first thoughts, this general title might appear misleading, but if one remembers that the reign of King Charles II was also the age of Isaac Newton and John Locke and other heroes of the Royal Society—which is having its own special celebration next month—then the title can be considered a reasonable one. At the Restoration feudal tenures and prerogative courts were finally abolished. Nonconformity—which has coloured our British way of life ever since—became a reality, since the Restoration Church, influenced by the ghost of William Laud, was unable to comprehend the dissenters. Deists, like Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and atheists, like Thomas Hobbes, published their books. And though scientists such as Newton and Boyle were keen theologians, the general atmosphere was more 'modern' than 'medieval' in the commonly accepted sense of these loose expressions.

At the Restoration was restored not only the monarchy, but, as Mr. T. F. T. Plucknett points out on another page this week, the two Houses of Parliament and the Church of England. At first Charles II tried to be a 'parliamentary King', but his so-called 'Pensionary Parliament' which, when it first met in 1661, was said to be more royalist than the King, by the time it had sat for eighteen years was almost 'republican' in complexion. In the end the new King, like his father, was happy to rule without a parliament. As to the Church, the doctrine of 'non-resistance', which was preached by many of its leaders, proved a deceptive label. When King James II thought in his idiotic way that he could induce the Anglican bishops to support the toleration of Roman Catholicism, even to the extent of allowing Roman Catholics to retain benefices in the English Church after they had been converted, he was undeceived. The English King also notoriously became the pensioner of the French Court. After the Dutch fleet was allowed to 'vapour filthily in the Thames' and the English navy was humiliated in two wars against the Dutch, it was scarcely surprising that even good royalists like Samuel Pepys sighed for 'the great days of Oliver'.

Thus it is not difficult to sympathize with a correspondent who wrote to us last week complaining about Mr. D. E. C. Yale's suggestion in a broadcast that 'the Restoration settlement' was 'an episode in our history of which we should be proud'. Admittedly (and that was Mr. Yale's argument) relatively little blood was shed, but then it might equally be argued that a good deal of toleration has been shown throughout the whole of modern English history, that the British are a pretty tolerant people. In the Glorious Revolution of 1688 no blood was shed at all; and in that respect the English civil wars compare favourably with the American civil wars and all civil wars in our own lifetime. But those who urge that the Restoration was an important achievement in the political and constitutional sense have to contend with the fact that fewer than thirty years afterwards King Charles I's son had to be ignominiously thrust from his throne and a Dutchman called in to assent to constitutional monarchy.

What They Are Saying

Communist China's 'propaganda week'

WHILE THE THINLY DISGUISED altercation has continued between Chinese and Soviet leaders, in which the former have been attacking, and the latter defending, 'coexistence', Communist China has been holding a 'propaganda week', 'against United States imperialist aggression and for the liberation of Formosa and the safeguarding of world peace'. Peking broadcasts announced that nearly thirty films about struggles against American imperialism were to be shown during the week. Propaganda teams, including artists, actors, workers, peasants, and students, had gone round the streets giving stage performances. Artists throughout the country were rushing out more poems, songs, ballads, and plays. An exhibition of painting and sculpture, demonstrating the Chinese people's strong opposition to U.S. imperialist aggression, had been opened in Peking.

On the eve of independence for the Belgian Congo, Peking transmissions reported a speech by the Congolese leader, Theodore Bengila (Deputy Secretary of the African Solidarity Party), while on a visit to Peking. According to the broadcasts Bengila had emphasized that complete independence must mean independence not only politically but economically; no foreigner should be allowed to interfere in Congolese internal affairs. Bengila had also stressed, according to the Peking broadcasts, that the independent Congo would recognize only one China—the Chinese People's Republic; and he had continued as follows:

The Congo's future Head of State should be one who can find prompt ways thoroughly to liquidate Belgian military bases in the Congo. The investments in the Congo's biggest enterprise, the United Mineral Company, have ostensibly come from Belgium, but in reality from the U.S.A. The United States is attempting to achieve economic control in the underdeveloped Congo. The people of the Congo are determined to change the situation in which their country's economy is controlled by foreign capital.

Moscow radio, broadcasting in English and French for African listeners, reported the dispatch of more Portuguese troops to Angola, and said that these were intended in part to reinforce that colony's frontier with the Belgian Congo, where the forthcoming concession of independence had been openly described by the Portuguese newspaper, *Diario da Manhã*, as 'regrettable'. In part, the military reinforcements were aimed too at holding down the growing Angolese national liberation movement. But garrisons could not keep out ideas, said the Soviet broadcaster, and the whole Portuguese position in Angola was in danger. The Portuguese had now turned to their United States allies in Nato, and were working for the conclusion of a 'South Atlantic Pact', with American membership, to defend colonialism south of the Equator. According to the Moscow commentators the United States was likely to acquiesce in return for the right to set up bases in Portuguese African territory.

Comment on African themes has been coming from the Israeli radio. One broadcaster, in English for West Africa, said:

Africa is now rushing into the modern world with astonishing and almost unbelievable speed. As the African countries know well, Israel is a new country like themselves. Its only desire is to enter into cultural and economic relations with other countries to the common benefit. In particular towards the new African States Israel feels especial closeness deriving from its own recent experience of the trials and tribulations of new-found freedom. Israel has now had twelve years in which to realize that political freedom can remain empty of real content unless a way is sought to economic freedom, and to the well-being of its citizens. This experience has indeed much to offer to Africa.

East German transmissions gave reports from London which listed the manifold contacts between East Germany and Britain. Every week some East German foreign trade enterprise was negotiating in London, the objects often being worth millions. London theatre-goers could today see plays by Brecht. At frequent meetings of trade unionists social conditions in the two countries were being compared. 'It goes without saying', concluded the East German Communist reporter, 'that the German Democratic Republic [Eastern Germany] leads in all these fields'.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

PORTRAIT OF AN IMPRESARIO

IN A FILM shown in 'Monitor' B.B.C. television viewers saw Huw Wheldon interviewing Rudolf Bing, General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. The following is part of their conversation.

Huw Wheldon: There is a legend about this Opera House, that you sacrifice all leisure: that you have no social life, that you do nothing but work. How true is this myth?

Rudolf Bing: It is true to some extent, because, frankly, I do work pretty hard here. It is a strenuous job, and if in addition I were forced to go to cocktail parties and dinner parties after the opera I could not physically manage it.

Wheldon: Do you ever get away for weekends?

Bing: No, never: except when I am in Europe, I hardly leave the Opera House, and I am here at least four, usually five, nights a week. I do not sit through every performance, of course; but I am here, and it does make a certain difference: singers, the staff, know I am about.

Wheldon: Still, there is no performance on Sunday.

Bing: No: on Sundays I usually just stay in bed.

Wheldon: I know that during the war you worked with the firm of Peter Jones in London; that you started as a ration clerk, and before you knew where you were you were running some department or other. Have you ever regretted that you did not become a straightforward industrialist of some kind?

Bing: No, I do not regret it at all. Neither my wife nor I is madly money-minded, and I would rather do a job I enjoy, as I do this one.

Wheldon: When you first came to America, about ten years ago, it was reported that you said your present position fulfilled a dream you had had for some years, and that you felt managing the Metropolitan Opera House was a pinnacle of the work of impresarios, in the world of opera. Have you become disillusioned?

Bing: I had no premonitions in my early days that I would one day run the Metropolitan. It came rather as a surprise, a very pleasant one. I am not disillusioned; it is an enormous theatre and it gives me, personally, all the satisfaction—in a very tough job—that I think a job can give one.

Wheldon: What is the nature of this toughness?

Bing: It is an enormous, complex organization which gets more and more difficult by virtue of many completely uncontrollable facts. For instance, the aeroplane, the jet plane: the fact that singers can on Monday sing in Vienna, on Wednesday in London, and on Thursday in New York does not make things easier for us. These days running an opera house seems to be becoming a matter of devising a timetable rather than an artistic programme.

Wheldon: Are singers difficult to deal with? Are they temperamental people?

Bing: I don't think they are, though they are of course difficult to deal with to some extent. One of the troubles is that a number of singers come from simple backgrounds, have comparatively little education, and suddenly find themselves, almost by virtue of a throat disease, famous and rich. There are not many who can easily adapt themselves to this rather sudden development.

Wheldon: Do you find that they do what they are told?

Bing: I think, in the end, they have to do what they are told, and they usually do. I find that the more excited people get, the calmer I usually become. I do not think I have raised my voice in ten years, and still, more or less, things are done the way I want them to be done. I am not saying they are always correct that way: but in an opera house, where all these various interests and aspects—economic and artistic—are combined, there must be, in the end, one person who takes the responsibility for deciding, and has the courage to stand up to his own mistakes.

Wheldon: The criticism constantly made of you, Mr. Bing, is that despite your brilliance in handling artists, and your brilliance in handling the public, from a musical point of view your policy is timid, old-fashioned.

Bing: Up to a point, that is true. Unlike my more fortunate colleagues in Europe, we have no kind of subsidy. So our eyes must be more glued to the box-office than is, perhaps, the case in Europe. And the public everywhere is conservative.

Wheldon: Despite the fact that you have no state contribution, you are an enormously wealthy Opera House: surely you can do anything you want to, can't you?

Bing: Not at all; we are continuously on the brink of financial ruin.

Wheldon: But it is a well-known fact that singers flock here. You have the biggest names in all the world, all the time.

Bing: Singers flock here to some extent because, fortunately, the Metropolitan still enjoys an enormous prestige; and it gives singers who perform here an opportunity to make very large incomes in the United States, *outside* the Met.—such as television shows at \$7,500 for five minutes.

Wheldon: Has the audience changed at all? It seems to me a surprising audience to find in America. It is pre-war in our terms: I mean the place is full of dowagers.

Bing: You were probably here on a Monday night. Monday night is a very elegant night, all the boxes are taken and there you are. But the audience has changed very much; we have thousands of younger people, who talk about our work; it's controversial—they love it, they hate it.

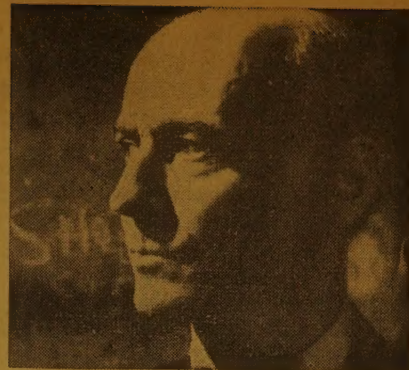
Wheldon: You are controversial because you are always in the public news, but in fact the works are not controversial, are they?

Bing: No, but what I manage to do is somehow always controversial. I don't know why, but it is. It has really become a focus of interest; people talk about it, and that is good for the box-office.

MIDLANDER OF GENIUS

The University of Nottingham is honouring its most famous pupil, with an exhibition in the University Art Gallery. PETER DUVAL SMITH has been to the exhibition, and spoke about it in 'Today' (Home Service).

An exhibition devoted to a writer does not sound very exciting, he



Rudolf Bing in his filmed interview at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, shown in 'Monitor' on June 19



D. H. Lawrence and his wife, Frieda, at the Villa Mirenda: a photograph in the exhibition 'D. H. Lawrence after Thirty Years, 1930-1960' at the Art Gallery of the University of Nottingham

said. 'What does a writer leave behind him when he dies, besides his books? Traditionally, only unpaid bills and vengeful friends. The exhibition at Nottingham has nothing to do with such things. It will be a fairly meaningless show to anybody who has not read some of Lawrence's novels, but those who have will find it fascinating. Literally hundreds of books have been written about Lawrence, yet these two rooms of photographs, paintings, and manuscripts seem to contain more truth than most of them.

'I was interested by the photographs, seeing personally for the first time the tiny house in the village of Eastwood, near Nottingham, where Lawrence, the miner's son, was born. It is a proper miner's home; the sill above the door scrubbed and painted; the curtains in the window spotless. The picture was taken the other day, but the house is as it was then, seventy-five years ago. Then there is a school group in which Lawrence sits among a score of other little boys, conspicuous already, I felt, for his brave open look. There is the school in Croydon at which Lawrence was a teacher. There are photographs of his wife Frieda that show her for once just as beautiful as she must have been. There is Lawrence in Italy and later on his ranch in Mexico: a charming set of pictures here showing Lawrence on horseback, Lawrence with his cow, Lawrence baking bread. The total effect of these rather prying photographs is not silly or sentimental, but touching and true. Lawrence's books are the reflection of an especially single-minded life, and his readers have a sort of right to know something about it.

'There are letters in the Nottingham exhibition that have not been published before: some of them show his good, tender side; some of them his crazy side, such as when he couples Mussolini with Gandhi. The handwriting is strangely feminine, forward-sloping, and also somehow immature. Frieda's is much more emphatic: giant, reckless strokes. There are a number of the original manuscripts of his books, Lawrence makes surprisingly few corrections, although one notices the superfluous adjectives always had to go.

'There are also editions of most of the books, including one of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in Japanese. Not until later this year—thirty years after the author's death—will this book be published in full in England. It has been thought improper here, and Lawrence's paintings were thought so too. When they were exhibited in London in 1928, the Home Secretary of the time ordered the gallery to be closed. The pictures are astray in America somewhere now, though there are some reproductions of them at Nottingham which to me were new, surprising, beautiful, and strange. It was good to learn about yet another aspect of the genius of this extraordinary Midlander'.

A PRIDE OF TREES

'Suffolk has always seemed to me specially fortunate in its trees', said HENRY WARREN in 'Through East Anglian Eyes' (Midland Home Service). 'From the oaks of the east, which is clay, to the beeches of the west, where there is plenty of chalk, Suffolk takes much of its landscape character from the quantity and quality of its trees.

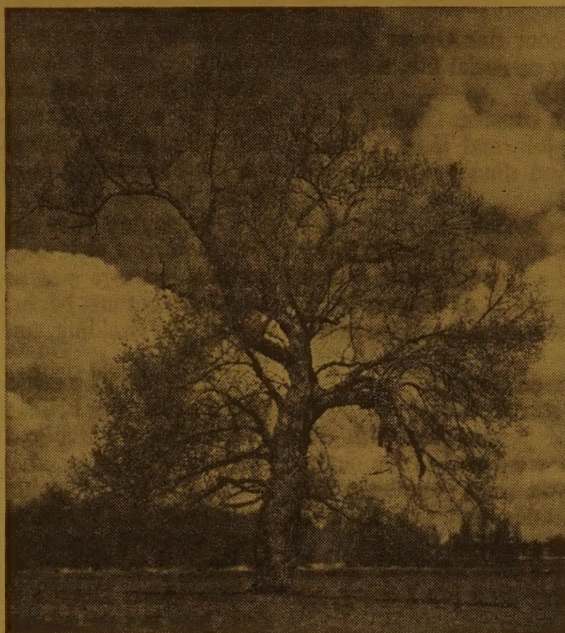
'Although we cannot all be

planters of trees we can be collectors—I do not mean in the sense of owning trees, but of knowing them. In this manner I have collected trees all over the place. There is a holm oak, for instance, at a remote Suffolk three-went way. Somebody planted it on the grassy patch at the juncture of these lazy lanes, where its great mound of green-black leaves stands guardian of the ways. I pass it often, and never without a glow of pleasure. Then there is an old thorn tree, close by the entrance to a farm not far from Sudbury. It must be I do not know how many hundred years old. It is a great tangle of twisted boughs, a Medusa-head of a tree. I cannot analyse the strange feeling it manages to communicate; but then old thorn trees have always evoked a special response in certain people. Perhaps something is left over from the days, long ago, when such thorn trees were often tribal meeting-places, scenes of pagan ritual, so that places came to be named after them, and still carry those names—Shimpling, for instance, whose real name is Shimplingthorn.

'Such trees, of course, are the exception: it is the common run of oaks, beeches, elms, and the like that I have in mind as contributing so much to the Suffolk scene—especially in parkland. For parkland is the ideal place for them to be seen in, where nothing hinders the view of them. It is also the ideal place for them to grow in, open to the weather on all sides.

'It was not only the landed gentry who improved the countryside with their trees. Climb almost any one of Suffolk's gentle hills and study the scene spread out below you. Many of the trees that give it its character are not in parkland at all, or even in woodland. They rise out of the hedges that enclose the fields. It has been calculated that something like one-fifth of England's standing timber consists of these hedgerow trees. It was the farm-hand who gave them to us, in the days of pre-mechanized agriculture, when hedging and ditching were one of his regular winter jobs. As he worked round the fields, layering the hedges, he would spare any well-formed sapling he came upon and let it grow up.

'But what about the future? Already, many of Suffolk's parks, as elsewhere, are ploughed up. Here and there a squire still manages to do a little planting, and all honour to him; by and large, however, the days of well-timbered private parks would seem to be numbered. Everywhere hedges are being grubbed up; and those that remain are trimmed by power-driven knives that spare no saplings. When the hedgerow trees now standing are gone, there will be none to take their place'.



'Suffolk takes much of its landscape character from the quantity and quality of its trees': a balsam poplar on Westleton Heath—



—and trees bordering the Little Ouse near Lakenheath

Photographs: J. Allan Cash

Buddhism in Everyday Life

By PRINCE CHULA OF THAILAND

I HAVE often heard people say that my religion, Buddhism, is depressing and pessimistic. This is probably because the first of the four main pillars of Buddhism, which we call the four noble truths, says that all individual existence is misery. This simply means (the second truth) that all individuals are attached to the good things of this worldly life: and all such things are perpetually changing and passing away. True happiness, as shown in the third truth, can be found only in detachment from all material things and sense perceptions. Yet when you meet Buddhists, such as myself, who were born and brought up in this faith, I do not think you will find us depressing and pessimistic.

The Enlightened One

The founder of our religion, Prince Siddhattha Gotama, who lived in India over 2,500 years ago, is better known as the Buddha—the Enlightened One. The main part of Buddhist doctrine is for people who wish to attain true happiness in complete detachment, in the hope of following Gotama's path towards Nirvana, or the eternal peaceful bliss of never being born again. This can be reached by following the eight-fold path, which is the fourth truth. But Gotama was wise enough to realize that most of us would not yet be ready for that blessed state, and would live on in this or some other earthly world for many lives to come. He also taught the practical philosophy which can be followed in everyday life. It can be equally useful for people who do not believe in reincarnation or Nirvana, which forms the mystic side of Buddhism: you are not asked to believe it, and if you do not believe it you have not failed. You are asked to examine and think things out for yourself. It is better to believe a little and follow the advice as best you can than to say you have failed to believe the whole thing and give it up altogether.

The eightfold path is intended to lead to full understanding. But the first five steps are appropriate for the practice of the ordinary man. First, is right thinking. Try to be sure to differentiate between good and evil, with the belief that compassion for all living things is the basis of inward happiness. This leads to the second state—right aim: to do good and shun evil. This can best be done by following the third step—right talk. Once one has rid oneself of evil gossip and unkind talk, which is harmful to others, it becomes easier to lead the good life according to the fourth step—right conduct. To achieve this we must then follow the fifth step—right means of livelihood. It cannot be denied that if our work is correct within the moral laws or the laws of the state, we are happy. If not, even then should we have no conscience, we are all the time in the grip of fear: the fear of being found out and punished. The last three steps are deeper and should be left to those who wish to meditate further.

In Buddhism there are no commandments, but precepts. And for us laymen these are five in number. If we do not follow all of them it is not a disaster and we are not totally lost. We should try to do the best we can. As the peasant in Thailand will tell you, that is simply: do good, receive good; do evil, receive evil. The first precept is not to kill. Yet some may sometimes have to kill for the sake of others. Soldiers have to kill the enemy in a righteous war, and the police sometimes have to fight and to kill crooks or bandits. The second is not to steal. The third precept, not to commit wrongful sexual acts, is far wider than the forbidding of adultery: it covers rape and seduction, both by lies and promises or by the lure of gold. In fact, a wrongful sexual act is one which harms someone and not the mere act itself. The fourth precept, not to tell an untruth, is not to be carried to absurd lengths: I still say 'I regret' when refusing to go to a party which I know will be boring. The fifth precept is controversial, even amongst us Buddhists. It is not to partake of intoxicants which form the basis of wrongful temptation. Are we then

not to touch one drop of alcohol, or can we drink moderately on suitable occasions? Here, even Buddhists differ, and we follow the dictates of our conscience. Yet there is always that doubt: can we be sure that we can judge right? Here it is best to follow the Buddha's general advice—take the middle path.

The Lord Buddha taught for some fifty years, and besides advice for deep meditation, he also gave much advice for everyday life. He taught that in friendship one should seek friends who knew more and could teach us useful things. Failing that, we should help to improve the knowledge of friends who know less than we do.

Five is a number that Buddha delighted in. Parents have five ways to treat their child: keep him from evil, put him in the right way of living, give him the best education possible, help him to find the right wife, and then prepare to leave him a good inheritance. In five ways should a child return his parents' kindness to him: look after them when necessary, help them in their work when possible, maintain the family honour, make himself fit and worthy to inherit the fortune left to him; and then, carry out some work of charity in their memory after they have passed away. A husband also has five ways to treat his wife: show her respect, show compliance with her reasonable wishes, do not commit wrongful sexual acts and upset her, leave her in supreme charge of household affairs; and then provide her with the best clothes possible. But in return a wife should also act in five ways towards her husband: doing her household duties properly, giving good treatment to the rest of the household, not committing wrongful sexual acts, and trying to save the money which he entrusts to her to spend; and then, exercising skill and zeal in all she tries to do.

I think most people will agree that if these twenty rules were applied in the family, even in modern Britain today, it could only result in happiness and harmony.

The Buddha's advice to employers and employees astonishes me even more, by its modern and up-to-date attitude. As usual, he gives it in five points. The employer, or master, which is the word he used, should assign to the worker only work in accordance with his ability and strength, provide him with food and fair wages, nurse him in time of sickness, give him a share in any extra dainty fare which may come the master's way, and then, in due season, give him a reasonable holiday with pay. (All this advice was given over 2,500 years ago.) In return the servant should rise early and work until late, be satisfied if he thinks the wages and treatment are fair, do his work well, and, lastly, sing the praises of the good master everywhere.

No Sense of Guilt

The Buddha did not encourage us to criticize other people's faiths—as he constantly said of himself, not daring or desiring to win pupils, not wishing to make others fall from their religious vows, not wishing to make others give up their ways of life. So you will find that most Buddhists do not talk much of their religion, unless they are asked about it. Thus when you meet and mingle with Buddhists you will usually find them easy-going, friendly sort of men and women, yet they will sympathize with and understand most of your problems. A Buddhist would not usually be over-anxious or depressed about his own religious problems. With him it is not a case of all or nothing. We are taught to follow the paths set by the Buddha as far as we can: and if we cannot go far enough, we are not to despair. There is therefore none of that sense of guilt which can cause so much unhappiness. Above all, Buddhists love peace, both in their personal lives and in the world. For the Master said: We will suffuse the whole world with loving thoughts, far-reaching, wide-spreading, boundless, free from hate, free from ill-will, and so abide.

In conclusion, I submit that the ways of the Buddha can be of help to anyone without their actually having to believe in the mystic side of Buddhism.—*Home Service*

Britain's Changing Towns—I: Birmingham

By IAN NAIRN

THERE is only one place to start from in Birmingham—the Town Hall. The main stations, New Street and Snow Hill, are not grand terminuses but enlarged halts for birds of passage going to places like Glasgow and Bristol. From them you walk into streets full of drivers trying to sort out the one-way system, incredibly full of pedestrians who would just fit comfortably if they could use all of the road as well as the pavements. And in either case, at one end of the street, intriguingly sited so that only a bit appears at a time, giving a come-on signal, is a full-blown Roman temple complete with podium, Corinthian order and pediments—Birmingham Town Hall.

It was built in 1834, its architect was J. A. Hansom, who invented (I have to dig up this true but hoary chestnut) the hansom cab. Later in life he was to drop enormous overblown Gothic Roman Catholic churches round England like ripe peaches—at Cambridge and Arundel, for example—but here he is still young and fresh; mercifully, for this kind of literal transcription of other buildings demands absolute freshness. It is the very, very end of the classical revival, the time when the classical models did not have to be Greek, but when, like Barry's club houses, the results were held in check by a century and a half of polite breeding. It is in fact exasperatingly successful, more impressive than one feels any copy ought to be.

The buildings all round it are firmly and enjoyably over the edge into the Victorian free-for-all. Opposite is the Council House, built in 1874 by a local architect, Yeoville Thomason, which is as full of unexpected things as a plum cake—one tower, one dome, one triangular pediment with free-standing figures, one semicircular pediment with mosaic. Behind is the Central Library, by E. M. Barry, one of Sir Charles Barry's sons, grave and be-columned, with no hint that its architect was a Wild Man when he wanted to be. With the Town Hall it makes an L-shaped pedestrian square, dotted with monuments and statues, that is a little masterpiece of Victorian urbanity. There is one spot under the portico of the library, shown in the photograph on the opposite page, where all the buildings crowd together like a bit of orchestration by Bruckner or Mahler, and the whole of the nineteenth century can be apprehended like a revelation.

This oasis will disappear, eventually, for the library and the buildings facing Edmund Street will be replaced by a vast enlargement of the Civic Centre, designed in the City Architect's office. What has happened about Birmingham's Civic Centre is a good example of Britain's slow but genuine progress towards good modern architecture. It was won in competition between the wars and the result was a monumental—elephantine, not to mince words—effort of porticos and strict symmetry, the full blown New Delhi treatment without any of Lutyens's cleverness. About a fifth of it has been built, and very arid it looks too. When the time came to think about completing it, the Council mercifully decided to do something quite different—an asymmetrical com-

plex pattern which can be built bit by bit, over a quarter century if necessary, but whose details have been very wisely left blank: 1970 or 1980 may fill them in as it wishes without making an absurdity of the whole pattern. In this new scheme the shape of the square is repeated, though to a larger scale, so that, given decent and humane details in the new buildings, the last state could be as good as the first.

The new ring road will run right through this centre (rather weirdly—when is a ring road not a ring road?). Birmingham has thrown itself into building it in a big way: the southern section is almost complete and has made the area south of New Street station unrecognizable to those who knew the city five years ago. Ring roads are powerful instruments for good or ill, and

what they can do in architectural and social terms is I am sure quite unappreciated by those who draw them so blithely on a map purely as a means for relieving traffic congestion. Birmingham's will, I think, be all right, but it has taken some fearful risks. Splitting the civic centre was one of them, and slicing right through the Bull Ring was another.

The Bull Ring was Birmingham's original market place when it was a small country town. It is triangular, on a steep hillside, with the original church, St. Martin's, at the bottom and the modern centre at the top. The ring road has driven two-pronged through this across the slope, detaching St. Martin's, breaking up the spatial unit—which was a human unit too, the liveliest part of the city.

And yet good may come out of bad, for a complex multi-level scheme is proposed which will re-create a new quite differently shaped market place.

The idea for this came, almost certainly, from a rejected scheme put up as a kite-flier (rather like the original Barbican scheme) and designed by a Birmingham man, J. A. Roberts, working for an investment company. There are not nearly enough architects like Mr. Roberts, particularly in the provinces, and he does much more than produce projects with ideas. The best building besides the ring road, the Ringway Centre, is his. To go and have a look at the delicate yet strong details of the concrete piers and beams that carry the centre over Hurst Street is an education in what modern architecture could and should mean but so rarely does. Certainly none of the other new blocks in central Birmingham offers much solace to the hopeful architectural traveller. The Big Top, at the bottom end of New Street, is a kind of architectural joke, an open-air sample-book of textures and materials and colours. Unfortunately, I fear, it was not intended as such. Rackham's, in Corporation Street, does not promise to be any better—and for an exact antithesis to the refinements of Ringway Centre, go and have a look at the gauche way the street canopies of Rackham's take up changes in level round the corner of Bull Street and Temple Row.

The nineteenth and twentieth centuries have monopolized things, so far. But Birmingham's most lovable building is eighty years in time and about a thousand years in temperament from the



Industrial Revolution. St. Philip's, now the Cathedral, was built as a new church in 1710-15, the equivalent of today's mission church on a new housing estate. The architect was Thomas Archer, and the building he produced is unforgettable. Art history breaks down here, because to give it a stylistic label and antecedents and sources would be of as little account in truly describing the building as to give simply the chemical formula for the manufacture of draught beer. It is baroque, certainly, but a mysterious translucent faëry baroque utterly unlike the late seventeenth century in Italy, however much the details may be similar. What Archer has done is to give the curlicues a purely English injection of mixed fantasy and simplicity. All the over-emphasis has been drained out, just as Purcell drained out the swagger from Lully and infused poetry instead. It shows in the lovely concave-sided tower, it shows even more in the simple yet telling arcades and the simple yet incredibly nervous space under the tower. The inside is just a matter of plain arches and piers, grooved a little and outlined in gold, but it is stretched over a bottomless well of melancholy and tension.

St. Philip's was extraordinarily lucky in the nineteenth century. It was given a larger chancel in 1884 by J. A. Chatwin, the best of the local men (he built mostly rich noble Gothic churches: St. Martin's in the Bull Ring is his, and anyone who cares to go twenty miles south to Mapleborough Green near Alcester can see an absolute masterpiece of Victorian religious feeling, absolutely unrecognized). What Chatwin did was to carry on the style in nineteenth-century terms, thickening the rhythm with rich free-standing columns, keeping the same colour scheme of white and gold. The result is, simultaneously, a chancel which reads as the natural consequence of the nave, and two separate parts from two different centuries, complementing one another.

Finally, as a kind of double counterpoint, Burne-Jones windows were put in the east and west ends. They must be about the best things he ever did, a long way removed from the soporific painter and the weak draughtsman. The east end is mainly reds and blues, the west end reds and greens, all passionate and violent, a sudden eruption of Art Nouveau passion into the usually placid waters of late Victorian church furnishings. And incredibly it all fits in—though when the evening sun is pouring in through the lurid colours it is Burne-Jones first and the rest nowhere.

Not much else of the eighteenth century is left in Birmingham: there is a decent late Palladian church (St. Paul's) away down in



Victorian Birmingham: Chamberlain Square from the porch of the Central Library. Left to right: The Chamberlain memorial fountain, the Council House, and the Town Hall

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the jewellers' quarter, a lapsed residential area which cries out to be revised as town houses once again. It has a clever suave steeple by Francis Goodwin, and an incredibly murky original east window of painted glass, by Francis Eginton after Guido Reni. They try to clean it occasionally, but it does not seem to make much difference.

Birmingham has, however, another cathedral, and in a way it is the quintessence of the red-brick Midlands, brick among bricks, a working church in a working neighbourhood. This is the Catholic St. Chad's, north of the far end of Snow Hill station, built by Pugin in 1839 in the first enthusiasm of the Gothic Revival. Pugin was, literally, insane with Gothic enthusiasm, but he was able to transmit this sincerity into architectural terms. When he had too little money the result was tawdry, and when

he had too much money the crockets went to his head and the result is overblown, but at Birmingham the finances were just right—enough for a big church, not enough for an ornate one. Pugin adapted German brick Gothic, put on two passionate spindly spires and made a real nineteenth-century cathedral—dusky red outside, screwed into the sloping site, marvellous amongst the factory chimneys from the platforms of Snow Hill station; thin, dark and soaring inside, with incredibly tall arcades and aisles.

Opposite the west front, his presbytery is just being demolished for another section of the ring road—again, nineteenth- and twentieth-century Birmingham in opposition. It would be a good place to stop; but first, two pieces of



St. Chad's Roman Catholic Cathedral, from the platform of Snow Hill station

treasure trove. One is known but not well known, the other is I think a genuine discovery, of the sort that anyone can make in our undervalued, underwalked provincial towns.

For the first, take any road north-east from the Bull Ring or east from Corporation Street. Sooner or later, when the shops tail off and the rubble and the scrap yards begin, you will see a big noble Ionic portico, very black, which a good look will tell you was built at the very end of the Greek Revival, built with the gathering momentum and gusto of the mid-century. It is in fact Curzon Street, the original terminus of the line from Euston, now a goods depot; it was built by Philip Hardwick in 1838, and it has all the power of his Euston Arch, and a wonderful kind of tough elegance as well.

The second necessitates the consumption of half a pint of bitter,

or similar. In Temple Row, near St. Philip's Churchyard, is a pub of some character called the Windsor Bars. At the far end are the usual offices, and of these the Gents is Birmingham's least-known piece of architecture (the Ladies, I am told, is nowhere near as good). What it is is a beautifully detailed piece of Art Nouveau, thought out from the curved brass door-handles onwards. Who did it and why—for the pub itself is not Art Nouveau—I cannot imagine, but for the witty and elegant solution of literally the most mundane of architectural problems it would be hard to beat. The pub is part of the Rackham's site and is bound to come down within ten years. Would it be too much to ask the redevelopers to spare the loo?

Mr. Nairn will periodically contribute articles on other British towns

The Birth of Modern England

The Restoration and the Constitution

By T. F. T. PLUCKNETT

THINGS are not always what they seem, nor even what they are called: yet when we survey the constitutional events which are associated with the year 1660 we seem bound to call them a 'Restoration'. It was not a sudden reaction: the nation sought out the old ways and gradually determined to walk in them. Cromwell more and more resembled a king in whose 'single person' was to be found the source of constitutional power: there was already 'The Other House', looking rather like the old House of Lords: eventually the battered fragments of the old Long Parliament were pieced together into the semblance of the historic House of Commons. At last, the return of the King on May 29 breathed the breath of life into all these venerable relics and they became the legitimate organs of our Constitution. From one point of view—a perfectly reasonable and legitimate view—they did constitute a veritable 'Restoration'.

French Influence

The restored King Charles II entered his capital on his thirtieth birthday. The most formative years of his life had been spent abroad, especially in France: and France was generally regarded as the model of a well-run country. To most Englishmen the characteristic of French polity was summed up in the word 'absolutism', and it might well seem that for the future we should have to look forward to the re-modelling of English institutions, both Crown and Parliament, according to the latest discoveries involved in French practice. Could it not be fairly stated that our own ancient institutions had signally failed us at the critical moment? Ought they not to be modernized according to the latest findings of political science?

It is now a generation ago that an eminent French historian gave us some illuminating remarks on the rise of absolutist maxims in France. That country, like England, had at first sought, in its own history, the incidents from which to deduce its theory (as far as it had one) about the nature of the monarchy, its relations with other powers—especially the Holy Roman Empire, and the Papacy—momentous matters which France like the rest of Christendom had to solve as best she could. In these great conflicts, the Roman lawyers were eager to help. They had given valuable technical assistance to the papacy in framing the canon law: they framed a formula for the Crown to the effect that the king was 'emperor with the realm'—our own kings found this a useful point for use against the Emperor; and eventually turned the current of political thought away from the study of the nation's history into the study of the theoretical basis of monarchy and government.

In England the situation was different. We had little use for Romanists. The Norman Conquest provided us with a strong, centralized monarchy which in due course created one common law which provided the country with such theoretical foundations

as it felt necessary for its speculations about law and politics. At a fairly early date we learned a few little hints on the arrangement of a system of law, and the various categories under which the law could be taught and studied, but there was no need for Romanists to undertake in England what had been their historic mission on the Continent—that it to say, the unification of the country politically, and the unification of its law in the single person of its king, who necessarily had to be regarded as 'absolute'.

In England our common law was medieval (indeed, antiquarian). But it was already to the Crown that we looked for the necessary 'running repairs' which a modern legal system needs from time to time. The Crown legislated on all sorts of matters, great and small, and soon associated the Parliament with this activity. Most momentous of all, the Crown under Henry VIII and Elizabeth I contrived to get Parliament to join with it in the hazardous experiment of establishing the Church of England. That Church was itself the fruit of a revolt against ancient and venerable authority in Rome: it was hardly possible to think of any plausible answer when, in turn, her own authority was assailed by Puritans. There was only one refuge—the Crown in Parliament. In 1660 there were restored the Crown, the Parliament, and the Church—and much else besides.

The bishops came back to the House of Lords: the ecclesiastical courts were once again established, granting probate of wills and decrees upon matrimonial matters. The religious settlement was particularly difficult, for the Church saw the opportunity, which she took, of trying to make the position of the Church impregnable. She had suffered much under Cromwell and had not yet had time either to forgive or to forget. Charles II himself tended toward Catholicism: and in any case was temperamentally inclined towards toleration. It was therefore a sore surprise to find the King and Clarendon overwhelmed by the flood of legislation which the books describe as the Clarendon Code. The towns were to be reserved for the Church by means of the Corporations Act. The parishes were again subject to the Prayer Book by a new Act of Uniformity; Quakers were subjected to harsh legislation, and dissenting ministers were not to go within five miles of any corporate town or of any place where they had once exercised their ministry. Repressive legislation in the Conventicle Act was repeated in order to suppress gatherings where the Anglican formularies were not used.

Causes for Repressive Legislation

The explanation of these repressive measures was to be found partly in the religious and political circumstances to which they were obviously directed. But that was not the whole answer. People who had lived through the Civil War period suffered for some years after from the psychological effects of it. Cromwellian soldiers still roamed the countryside and any minor disorder

might be magnified into startling proportions: to this state of nerves we may charitably attribute some at least of this repressive legislation.

Moreover, the Restoration of King, Church, and Parliament did not resolve any problems. At the best, it put them again on the agenda, to be reconsidered under the new circumstances. Sometimes the results proved to be permanent solutions of a difficulty, and were applied in future reigns, such as the parliamentary appropriation of certain supplies to the service of the Dutch war. A still more remarkable example of a troublesome matter being solved for good and all occurred in 1664 when Archbishop Sheldon and Lord Clarendon agreed that the clergy should no longer tax themselves separately in their Convocations, but should contribute at the same rates as the laity, and were to be represented with the laity in parliament. This curious transaction shows our constitution at its most flexible and shows that there were still a minister and an archbishop who could exploit it, and turn its possibilities into useful channels.

There was much that was restored: the Crown, the Church, Parliament, the constitution itself (in the sense of the traditional modes of handling familiar institutions); but it must not be forgotten that there were losses as well. Cromwell had ordained, and carried out, the union of Scotland and Ireland with the English Parliament. That union disappeared at the Restoration; a good deal of electoral reform was to be found in the Instrument of Government; but that too failed to survive the Restoration. There was something to be said in favour of both reforms and they may well surprise us when we consider their dates; it was not the desires of the King that brought about the restoration of the old and already corrupt franchise as a preliminary to his Restoration. No doubt it was a part of the general pattern of our endeavours to get once more into the strict path of legality; but it cannot be denied that we lost an opportunity to make an extensive reform of our representative machinery long before 1832.

A Living Organism

Such, then, was the Restoration: it might have been a careful collection of exhibits in a museum of constitutional antiquities; but it was more than that. With all its imperfections, and with all the stresses and distortions which civil war is bound to produce, it was still a living organism, ready to respond to new suggestions and new demands as the growing nation learned to manage (more carefully this time) its ancient constitutional machinery. Much had been learned in the hard school of adversity. Charles II himself had already decided not to go on his travels again: it was an admirable resolution, but the clear implication was that if the King stayed, his minister would have to go instead—and the devoted Clarendon was destined to end his days in exile at Rouen.

In fact, the Commons were refurbishing their ancient weapon of impeachment. It is curious to see how the King would contrive to save a minister if he really wanted to: for all that, it was a fearsome weapon when properly used. Inevitably, it was most commonly used against a minister—and it is at this moment that we can most clearly see the beginnings of party warfare. The bitter memories of Charles I and of the Civil War were still too vivid in men's minds to contemplate without some uneasiness the fall of a minister in this way. After all, impeachment was originally a criminal proceeding, and that meant much more than merely asserting that a minister's policy was unpopular or unsuccessful. It was at the Restoration that the first inklings of such a notion seem first to have appeared; and it was only when they were frankly accepted that it became possible to conduct politics in something like the modern spirit. Impeachment was no doubt the heaviest piece of artillery which Parliament could use against the position of the Crown. Its effect was considerable; but it was often erratic, and the numerous obscurities which politicians and lawyers had erected about it had left some notable and important matters in doubt.

If impeachment was the most spectacular method at the disposal of the Commons, it was not the only one. The passing of the Clarendon Code shows that at the beginning of the reign the Commons could still use the ordinary machinery of legislature and secure the Royal Assent to laws which it was known the leading

minister disliked and which the King heartily disapproved of. Notwithstanding, they passed both Houses and in due course received the Royal Assent.

Still, it was possible to pass legislation of importance. The Habeas Corpus Act of 1679 is an outstanding example of legislation on a subject which deserved to find Parliament at its best. More contentious measures were the Exclusion Bill, which needed all the skill and diplomacy of the King before it was (after several attempts) eventually stifled.

Dissension between King and Parliament

To the very last years of the reign there were serious causes for dissension between the King and his Parliament; but events just avoided the moment when neither side could retreat. If the King was determined not to travel again, Parliament was equally determined not to resume the Civil War. More and more naturally it seemed that party warfare would replace a 'shooting war' and that moderate men would in the end prevail over sectaries and revolutionaries. It would seem that already experiments were being made in the management of the Commons—partly at least by means of 'influence'. This was to become the typical eighteenth-century device for the conduct of party warfare. Thought was already turning in that direction.

What, in the end, can we fairly say about the Restoration? King and people were agreed on one fundamental at least: 'never again'. It needed more than war-weariness to make a lasting peace. Once again Parliament had struck that vein of originality, that happy knack of feeling its way when things grew darker, and lit upon the solution—party. That too brought its own problems, but they were worked out without haste, as they arose, and in the light of experience.—*Third Programme*

A Piebald's Tail

FAME is the tail of Pegasus
(A piebald horse with wings),
One thought of which away will twitch
The luck his colour brings.

It follows logically, of course,
That poets always fail
Who try to catch their piebald horse
By snatching at his tail.

ROBERT GRAVES

Iceland and the Poets

Esja, a white-haired venerable old lion,
looks down on Reykjavik sardonically,
mocking the tragi-comedy
of human life's continuance.

The long, untidy, caravan-site city
straggles along the bay, whose little waves
derisively expectorate.

Salmon-and-shrimp-red house-tops gaudily proclaim
Man's prowess, power and pride: contemptuous snows
hasten to hide them in a decent shroud.

O you are right, you haughty mountain
and saucy waves and scurrying, save-face snows—
what is the transience of men's petty towns
and pettier lives to *you*?

Yet these, the Poets, with their echoing songs,
Can meet your arrogant challenge—and prevail.

ALAN MORAY WILLIAMS

Increasing the World's Food Supply

MAGNUS PYKE on the scientific possibilities

FOR a population to have enough to eat, the average energy value of the food available ought to provide 2,200 calories a day. In 1938, 49 per cent. of the world's population ate a diet providing less than this. Fifteen years later, in 1953, the proportion of people getting too little to eat had risen to 66 per cent. This problem of inadequate food supplies is not a new one. Not long ago, Professor McCance reviewed the history of famine and quoted 588 separate authorities, starting with Hesiod who wrote in 700 B.C., and the Second Book of Kings, and ending with the famines of our own day. Before we try to look forward and think how we can use science to increase food supplies for the future, it is interesting, therefore, to consider what has been achieved in the past.

The invention of artificial fertilizers can be taken as an important scientific advance. Manuring is of great antiquity and is mentioned in ancient Chinese and Egyptian literature, and liming is also of venerable age; but the first man to show scientifically the effect of chemical fertilizers was the Englishman, John Bennett Lawes, in his experiments at Rothamsted in the eighteen-forties. Fifty years later, in 1898, Sir William Crookes, in his presidential address to the British Association, calculated that in order to increase the amount of wheat grown to provide enough for the increasing world population thirty years ahead—by 1928—the yield would need to be raised by more than half as much again. This, he said, could be done by applying 12,000,000 tons a year of nitrate of soda to the land used for growing wheat. At the time this amount was considered a fantastic quantity. The present annual capacity of factories which 'fix' nitrogen from the air and turn it into nitrogenous fertilizer is alone already more than twice this amount.

Knowledge of how best to use artificial fertilizers is based on the chemical analysis of crops on the one hand and of the soil on which they are grown on the other. The major plant nutrients, addition of which to the land has most immediate effect on the yield of crops, are nitrogen, phosphorus, and potassium in an acceptable chemical form. But they are not the only ones: magnesium, manganese, boron, copper, iron, cobalt, and zinc—all of these when added in appropriate amounts to the types of soil that need them can increase the amount of crops obtained. By 1950, little more than 100 years after Lawes had established an entirely new industry, the world production of artificial fertilizers was about 40,000,000 tons a year.

We owe a great deal to artificial chemical fertilizers for the extra food they have provided to stave off, even if only temporarily, the constant threat of shortage. It is a curious thing, however, that the main contribution which science has so far made to world food supplies, and most notably to the production of wheat, has not been the use of chemistry to produce fertilizers but the application of the science of genetics to develop new plant varieties. It is now possible to grow wheat in regions of the world where the weather is too dry and the season too short for normal varieties to survive. In Canada alone, enormous areas of land in the west and north carry great crops of these new wheat strains where previously there was little more than desert tundra.

It is not enough to produce a strain of wheat that will mature in the short dry summer of the Canadian north-west; it must also be resistant to disease. Thirty years ago a fine strain of wheat was developed by the agricultural scientists: it was called

Marquis. But between 1925 and 1935, more than 35,000,000 bushels of Marquis wheat were lost through the disease, rust. The situation was saved by the geneticists, who crossed two different Marquis hybrids to produce a new variety called Thatcher, which was resistant to stem rust, the most damaging of the fungus diseases afflicting the wheat plant.

The application of genetical science to the breeding of improved crops suited to the soil and climate and resistant to attack by disease has achieved substantial success in the immediate past and will continue to be used. Chemical science, too, which has already had its victories in increasing food supplies by killing microbe and insect pests, is sure to do more in the future. In 1870 and 1885, Paris Green and Bordeaux Mixture, which are compounds of arsenic and copper, were used to kill crop pests.

Later on in our own time came more sophisticated D.D.T. and a number of related compounds, B.H.C., chlordane, toxophene, aldrin, and dieldrin. These substances kill insects eating the leaves with the spray or dust on them. There are also ingenious new materials, the so-called organic-phosphorus compounds—parathion, schradan and isopetox are some of their names—which are absorbed actually into the plants and which then make all their tissues poisonous to certain groups of insects. These too are bound to be developed further in the future.

Science has also been applied remarkably effectively to increase crops by killing weeds. A few years ago in Canada one substance alone, 2-4-dichlorophenoxyacetic acid, was being used to keep the weeds off 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 acres of grain. All kinds of weeds can be eradicated chemically without the need for human sweat: charlock, poppy, ragwort, horsetail, buttercups, rushes—these are only a few.

But while the new chemical weed killers increase food supplies by discouraging the growth of plants that we do not want, there are good possibilities of getting more food by using chemical substances that specifically encourage the growth of plants that we do want. A remarkable substance of this sort that has already been discovered is gibberellic acid. The first clue that this compound stimulated growth to an astonishing degree came when Japanese scientists began studying a fungus disease which made rice grow irregularly. The active material was soon isolated and its effects were startling: treated cabbages grow twelve feet high. There may be other and more practical uses. For example, cotton treated with gibberellic acid has been reported to have longer fibres, and treated barley gives more soluble material when it is made into malt. Gibberellic acid is only one member of a family of substances and in the future there is no doubt that its chemical mechanism will be worked out and perhaps newer and more effective compounds produced.

Fertilizers, insecticides, weed killers, even gibberellic acid and its later cousins that may follow after, although they make a useful addition to the food supply are hardly radical new developments. There is, however, a possibility which, if it could be applied on a really large scale, might make a big contribution. This is to use more effectively than we do now the power of crop plants to synthesize food. The most efficient organ in plants for synthesizing foodstuffs is the leaves. It is very wasteful to ask the leaves of a wheat plant to synthesize nutrients all the summer and then to eat only a small fraction eventually stored up in the grain. Even when we use the grain as food, we discard a good deal of it as husks before we eat the rest as bread. It is most wasteful of all



when we feed the grain to an animal and then later on eat the beast. When we do this we may lose as much as 80 to 95 per cent. of the total amount of nutrient synthesized by the plant.

I am not suggesting that we should try to eat grass. Nebuchadnezzar's experiment was doomed to failure from the start because the human digestive machinery is not adapted to this type of eating. An idea that has been worked out in great detail by N. W. Pirie of Rothamsted Experimental Station is to harvest the leaves, not necessarily of grass but of any convenient actively growing plant, and crush their contents out of them. The first type of machine that he found useful for this purpose was based on the same principle as the woad press used by the early Britons. The process separates the sugars and proteins from the fibrous matter composed of cellulose, hemicellulose and other components which, although they can be digested by cows, cannot be digested by us. When the juice that is crushed out is heated, the protein in it coagulates as the protein of the white of an egg does when the egg is hard boiled. This protein can be used as human food in the form of a kind of cheese, or it may be canned or added to other foods. Pirie has even produced a rather attractive preparation of curried leaf protein to appeal specially to the Indian palate. Even when the protein has been coagulated by boiling the leaf juice, the 'whey' that remains contains sugars and can be used for growing food yeast which can also serve as food.

It is a remarkable thing that out of all the several thousand botanical species of plants that exist in the world we use comparatively few for food. The suggestion now is that for the future the whole situation should be re-examined in order to find a plant with large leaves spread wide to catch the light and arranged in layers so that none is wasted. It is the light energy geared into the molecule of green chlorophyll in leaves from which we get almost all the food we have. At present, although the food is there, the cost of specially extracting leaf protein for food is higher than the cost of many of the foods, such as flour, that we eat already, although in producing flour we are wasteful of the leaves and the stalk of the growing flour plant and the husks of the grain. One day, when food is more highly valued than it is now, the money economies and the economies of plant growth may get nearer together. This may, therefore, be one of the long-term possibilities for the future.

There is, I suppose, a possibility that in the future plankton, the food upon which the fishes graze, might be harvested and prepared for human food. If this could be done the amount available would be great. Up till the present, however, the large-scale collection and processing of this material for human consumption has not been successfully achieved. What has been done, and what will almost certainly be done on a larger scale in the future, is fish farming.

In China, Indonesia, Thailand, and other parts of south-east Asia, fish have been raised for food in ponds for many years past. In Indonesia it has been calculated that fish farming can often contribute more protein food on a given area of land than could be got from the same land by grazing more traditional kinds of livestock. Because fish grow more quickly when the water is warmer, the amount of food that can already be produced in fish ponds in tropical countries is substantial; and the amount can be increased still further by manuring the ponds with fertilizers of the right chemical composition. American scientists have calculated that the 2,500 tons of carp grown as livestock in Japan in 1950 could have been increased to 500,000 tons a year if the present scientific knowledge had been applied.

There is another scientific possibility by which in the future the world's food supply might be increased. As long ago as the end of the eighteenth century Antoine Lavoisier, the gifted amateur French chemist, discovered that life is a chemical process and that animals and people keep going by combustion. For

life to go on, he showed, some sort of fuel is required. And the remarkable feature of this discovery was that the amount of energy that a living creature gets out of the fuel—that is, the food he combusts—may be exactly the same amount that can be obtained by burning the food in the laboratory. If the farmers of the Middle West cannot sell the corn they raise to keep pigs and people going, they can, even though from a human point of view it is a deplorable thing to do, burn it as fuel to run the trains.

Almost all the energy we have on earth has until now depended on the chemical process called the oxidation of reduced carbon. Burning coal in the boilers of an electricity power station, using diesel oil in a bus or petrol in a car, or eating bread and butter—each of these operations is fundamentally the oxidation of reduced carbon. And the smoke of all these processes contains the CO₂ gas—carbon dioxide—which is the end result of fully used fuel. All the reduced carbon there is on earth to keep life and industry going belongs to three different categories.

The first category is what we use as food: the substance made available by growing plants here and now through the instrumentality of the sunshine. The two other categories of stored fuel on earth are coal and oil. These are merely supplies of reduced carbon produced by plants in geological ages long past. Until now we have made use of the energy in these 'banked' stores for industrial purposes: as fuel to run machines or to smelt metals. The discovery of an entirely new source of industrial power to be derived from atomic energy could release the supplies of coal and petroleum for food if only a way could be worked out to enable us to eat them.

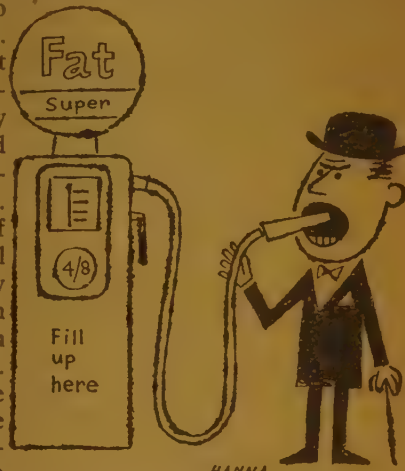
It is indeed possible as a long-term project that we might be able to convert coal and petroleum into food. A few years ago molasses, a by-product of sugar manufacture, was converted by yeast fermentation into industrial alcohol. Today, almost all the considerable amounts of industrial alcohol produced are made from petroleum by a process of 'cracking'. It is perfectly feasible to use the industrial alcohol as a food to grow yeast, which could then be used to feed livestock or even people. But even more direct conversion of petroleum into food has been achieved. Chemists in Germany and elsewhere have succeeded in converting petroleum into fat. There are still certain difficulties to be overcome before anyone would eat, with any degree of relish, margarine, let us say, made from petroleum—I am told that the taste is not right yet—but there is little doubt that the operation is scientifically and technically feasible. The answer, then, to the problem of how to dispose of unsold stocks of coal or of surplus tanker cargoes of oil would be to eat them.

Prophesying the future is always a hazardous occupation, but for future food supplies it is safe to predict that many new things are possible.—*Scottish Home Service for Schools*

The London School of Economics and Political Science has published *British Monetary Experiments 1650-1710* by J. Keith Horsefield (Bell, £2 5s.). This book includes new evidence about the origins of the Bank of England; it is based on much research, particularly among the large number of pamphlets on financial matters which survive from the period but have hitherto been neglected.

Volume XXVIII in the *Survey of London* series describes a single building, Brooke House in Hackney, which was badly damaged in 1940 and finally demolished in 1954-5. It was of much interest historically as an example of a medium-sized country house of the late medieval period. The volume is published by the University of London, Athlone Press, for the L.C.C., at 30s.

Selridge, a biography by Reginald Pound, has been published by Heinemann at 25s.



HANNA



B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

June 22-28

Wednesday, June 22

The Labour Party's new statement on defence policy is published. The Party executive expresses full confidence in Mr. Gaitskell's leadership

Minister of Defence is questioned in Commons about agreement with United States to develop Skybolt missile

Fifteen persons are killed in fire at department store in Liverpool

Mr. Khrushchev discusses Lenin's theory of imperialism in a speech at Bucharest

Thursday, June 23

Bank rate is raised from 5 to 6 per cent. The special deposits which banks are required to lodge with the Bank of England are doubled

Shipbuilding and engineering unions demand substantial increase in pay for their members

Friday, June 24

Wage increases for railwaymen, recommended in the Guillebaud report, are to be back-dated to January 4

Ninety-four ships are held up by the Liverpool dock strike

Mr. Kasavubu is elected President of the Congo

Saturday, June 25

Mr. Khrushchev in speech to mass rally in Bucharest reaffirms policy of coexistence

Envoys of Algerian nationalist rebels begin talks with the representatives of the French Government

Sunday, June 26

French Madagascar and British Somaliland become independent

Air services between London and Paris are disrupted by strike of staff of French airline

U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee publishes report on the intelligence flight by the U-2 over Russia on May 1

Monday, June 27

Delegates of Soviet Union and 'satellite' countries 'walk out' of disarmament conference at Geneva

Death of Harry Pollitt, Chairman of Communist Party of Great Britain

Tuesday, June 28

South African Government to release African detainees and reduce number of emergency regulations

Prime Minister makes statement in Commons about Russian withdrawal from disarmament conference in Geneva

Forty-five men reported dead or missing in Pit explosion at Six Bells colliery Monmouthshire



The Congo becomes a republic independent of Belgium today. In the photograph above, Mr. Lumumba, leader of the Congolese Nationalist Party and Prime Minister designate, is addressing the Chamber of Deputies in Leopoldville last week before receiving a vote of confidence in his Government



A bronze group of St. Michael triumphing over the Devil designed by the late Sir Jacob Epstein for Coventry Cathedral. Lady Epstein unveiled the group, which was her husband's last major work, at Coventry on June 24

One of British

Below: a 'cu



William, the Prime Minister and Chancellor of Oxford University, taking part in the Encaenia in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, on June 22



new diesel-electric air-conditioned Pullman trains which was on view at Marylebone last week before going into service between London and Manchester

new vehicle being demonstrated at Bembridge, Isle of Wight, on June 23. The vehicle was developed for use on West African banana plantations



The Archbishop of Canterbury photographed with three monks of the Russian Orthodox Church who are on a visit to England as guests of the Anglican Church



Massed bands of the Royal Marines taking part in the Royal Tournament which opened at Earls Court on June 22. The Tournament continues until July 9



Two new stamps to commemorate the tercentenary of the Act passed in the reign of Charles II establishing the General Letter Office, now the General Post Office, are to be issued on July 7. Above, the violet threepenny with the royal portrait and a postboy on horseback, sounding his horn and carrying a sack of mail on the saddle; and, left, the green, upright one-and-threepenny, only the second British commemorative stamp of this shape

Letters to the Editor

In Praise of Political Apathy

Sir,—Mr. Christopher Martin (*THE LISTENER*, June 23) seems to assume that because only a comparatively small proportion of the electorate votes in the local elections there is at present a widespread political apathy in this country. It does not seem to me that this necessarily follows. Surely this observation can only be made to imply that British citizens take little interest in the running of public affairs at the local level. I should have thought that this was merely a response to the realities of the situation, namely, that with so much central financial control over local authorities, all that is left for them to do is to administer public services, the principles of which have been decided at national level. In such circumstances, the elected local representative has little more than a nominal importance as compared with the appointed official who possesses the necessary technical knowledge required for the running of these local services.

If Mr. Martin had been able to report the existence of a low poll at the national elections last October, his enthusiasm for political apathy would have been based on much stronger grounds. As things stand, the average citizen takes as little interest in the running of local government as the average peer does in the running of the House of Lords. In both cases, this results from the knowledge that political power in Britain is exercised from other quarters.

As for the desirability of such political apathy—if it was proved to exist—one has only to read the history of the declining years of the Weimar Republic and their dreadful consequences to realize how dangerous such an attitude can be. What brought the National Socialists to power in Germany—and kept them there—was not so much the strength of the pro-nazis, but rather that of the non-nazis who because of selfish interest or lack of will, took on an apathetic attitude which fatally weakened the anti-nazi opposition. Fanatical minorities of a non-democratic nature exist in this country and political apathy must be one of their greatest allies. I have no doubt they share Mr. Martin's enthusiasm for it.—Yours, etc.,

Manchester, 13

G. B. EVANS

The Institution and the Individual

Sir,—In his excellent discussion of the trend towards 'de-institutionalization' in the field of social welfare (*THE LISTENER*, June 23) Mr. Peter Townsend touched upon the very important discovery that there exists a recognizable institutional neurosis. 'Often the children sit inert or rock themselves for hours' says Dr. Bowlby of institution children. 'Staring at the radiator, waiting to die', says Mr. Abel-Smith of institution pensioners. 'Apathy, lack of initiative, submissiveness and lack of individuality' were the characteristics Dr. Barton noted in institution mental patients. 'After a while they seemed to lose their faces' said Ernst Schnabel of concentration-camp victims. And years ago Mr. Fenner Brockway, in his book on prisons, depicted the type exactly in his description of the ideal prisoner:

The man who has no personality; who is content to become a mere cog in the prison machine; whose mind is so dull that he does not feel the hardship of separate confinement; who has nothing to say to his fellows; who has no desires, except to feed and sleep; who shirks responsibility for his own existence and consequently is quite ready to live at others' orders, performing the allotted task, marching here and there as commanded, shutting the door of his cell upon his own confinement as required.

This is the ideal type of Institution Man, the kind of person who fits the system of public institutions which we inherited from the nineteenth century, and it is no accident that it is also the ideal type for the bottom people of that century's social institutions in the general sense. It is the ideal soldier (theirs not to reason why), the ideal worshipper (Have thine own way, Lord/Have thine own way/Thou art the potter, I am the clay), the ideal worker (You're not paid to think, just get on with it), the ideal wife (a chattel), the ideal child (seen but not heard), the ideal product of the Education Act of 1870.

The institutions were a microcosm, or in some cases a caricature, of the society which produced them. Rigid, authoritarian, hierarchical, the virtues they sought were obedience and subservience. But the people who sought to break down the institutions, from the day when Pinel struck off the chains from the lunatics in the Bicêtre, were motivated by different values. The key words in *their* attitude have been love, sympathy, permissiveness, and instead of institutions they have postulated families, communities, leaderless groups, autonomous groups. The qualities they have sought to foster are self-respect, self-reliance, and as a consequence, sociability, mutual respect, and mutual aid.

When we compare the Victorian antecedents of our public institutions with the organs of working class mutual aid in the same period, the very names speak volumes. On the one side the Workhouse, the Poor Law Infirmary, the Reformatory, the National Society for the Education of the Poor in Accordance with the Principles of the Established Church; and, on the other, the *Friendly Society*, the *Sick Club*, the *Co-operative Society*, the *Trade Union*. One represents the tradition of fraternal associations springing up from below, the other that of authoritarian institutions directed from above.

Mr. Townsend suggests that the phenomenon of institutional neurosis arises from the deprivation of family life in the sense of the frustration of the 'need to give as well as receive affection and to perform reciprocal services within a family—or quasi-family—group'. But might we not also conclude that it is not merely the non-familial, but more especially the authoritarian and hierarchical character of institutions which produces institutional types, not only among the inmates, but among those who administer the institution? (And that it is going to be a lot harder to break down the administrative structure of the Health Service, for instance, than to reduce the scale of its physical structure).

Does not the study of 'closed' institutions lead us further, and prompt us to consider the institutions of our social life in general?

Mr. Townsend's question 'What do institutions do to individuals?' may have a relevance which is much wider. When people complain of the lack of spontaneity, individuality, and initiative in our society, perhaps they are really complaining of the authoritarian institutions which govern our working lives. Perhaps here is the explanation of the familiar paradox that it takes wars, disasters, and catastrophes to release unsuspected human potentialities which have been buried in institutionalized life.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.6

COLIN WARD

Pressure at Eighteen-plus

Sir,—Mr. Young is correct in his statement in 'Pressure at Eighteen-plus' (*THE LISTENER*, June 2) that 'The United States hardly has [a scholastic grading system] at all'. He conveniently overlooks, however, the facts that great pressures are being brought on American schools, by the public, to adopt grading systems in the schools, and that these pressures have already succeeded in several cities, notably Washington, D.C.

What is more, these grading systems are being urged in the cause of better education for children in each of the 'streams'; and I trust that even Mr. Young's imagination will boggle at seeing therein a reflection of the English 'social order of things'. Instead, we Americans are finally recognizing that the attempt to educate by pulling the strong students down to, and propping the weak up to, a common mediocrity has proven itself a failure. For this assertion there is plenty of evidence. A mere part of it is the large body of reports about American college students who confuse 'there' and 'their'; 'to', 'two', and 'too'; and the like. Another part of the evidence is a recent study showing that after eight years of schooling American children are approximately two years behind their European counterparts in arithmetic.

It is too much to expect that there should be no faults in even the British school system, but their cure surely does not consist in changing to the patently failing American system.

Yours, etc.,

Los Angeles, 24 RONALD EUGENE WYLLYS

Sir,—Mr. Jeffery's dismissal of the opinions of Mr. Agate, together with his unsubstantiated statements and reference to lazy teachers, are symptomatic of a state of mind which is sometimes found among those whose children have not yet found 'room at the top'.

To give 'the best they can offer' remains the ideal of most teachers, but even informed opinion differs as to the best means of doing so, and segregation or 'streaming' is a controversial subject which has nothing to do with the laziness of teachers, who usually take no part in the decision to 'stream' a school.

Even in junior schools where segregation from age eight is not practised, it is usual for the children to be grouped within the class for much of the work, and in some subjects, notably arithmetic, this is certainly an ability grouping. This is not a device of the lazy teacher, whose work is, in fact, greatly complicated by group work; it is a practical necessity which finds official approval.

If Mr. Jeffery visited my class of forty eleven-year-olds, or any similar class, he might find three or more groups working at arithmetic. The slowest children would be working on individual assignments of the simplest nature, while the brightest might be working relatively difficult problems in decimals and percentages. If our school were three times its present size, might it not be reasonable to 'stream' it by making each of these groups the basis of a class of roughly similar ability, after taking all-round ability into account? There would probably be a gain in efficiency, but certain imponderables would suffer, and it is on this aspect of segregation that controversy arises among practising teachers. But whatever the final decision, it would be free from the sinister undertones and results which Mr. Jeffery imagines.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.15

P. F. GATES

Sir,—Instead of bowing down all the time or most of the time before Oxbridge, will THE LISTENER please make more widely known the following truths:

There is no degree in any British university of so poor a standard as the pass degree of Oxbridge: there is nothing more laughable than an 'honours degree' when the said 'honours' consist of a 4th Class (!) in some such course as History. No other British university sells its M.A. degree (for £8 10s. 4d.), there being no further examination or thesis or test of any kind, so long as the applicant has a pass (or 4th Class) bachelor's degree, or, of course, something better.

Only the best Oxbridge graduates could obtain a London University arts degree; no pass degree graduate of Oxbridge would be likely to obtain any other degree whatever at any other British university. Oxbridge pass degree examination papers ought to be more widely known: they are an eye-opener. All honour to Redbrick where one has to work for that M.A., and all honour, too, to the Scottish universities, where there are no B.A.s at all; the M.A. being awarded at the completion of the normal arts course, there being no need for the frugal Scots student to pay extras for it.—Yours, etc.,

Amélie-les-Bains

RICHARD HOLTHAM

The Skybolt and Britain's Defence

Sir,—Admiral A. H. Norman writes that the world's problem is to 'get rid of these weapons before they get rid of us'. I fear the real problem is to prevent people like Admiral Norman from getting their way. Absolutely nothing will make war (an ultimately nuclear war) more likely than the abolition of nuclear weapons. Multilateral, unilateral, it spells death. We are safest as we are.—Yours, etc.,

South Croydon

J. P. JACKSON

The Restoration

Sir,—I find that there is much to agree with in Mr. Fell's letter in THE LISTENER of June 23, but I think that he reads too much into my remark (with which he emphatically disagrees) that the Restoration settlement was an event 'of which we should be proud'. My comment was carefully confined to the settlement itself and expressly excluded subsequent developments.

There are dangers in too much historical

hindsight, and your correspondent seems to write more from the standpoint of 1685 than 1660. Who can say that after the confusion of the period from September 1658 to May 1660, with the disintegration of government by an armed minority, the settlement was a regrettable event considered as a practical solution to the political problems of the day? To deny this is not to prefer frivolity to fanaticism or hedonism to high ideals.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

D. E. C. YALE

Sir,—From Mr. J. B. Fell's letter (THE LISTENER, June 23) it appears that he dislikes the Restoration largely because he dislikes the personal qualities of Charles II. This seems to me a most inadequate reason for deploring the Restoration. The restoration of the monarchy was a far more important fact in the history of this country than the restoration of Charles II. Therefore it is surely the desirability of the monarchy as an institution, rather than the desirability of Charles II as a monarch, that we should consider if we want to support an argument about the desirability of the Restoration.

By calling the Restoration a 'grand refusal', Mr. Fell implies that there was an alternative to the Restoration which could have been chosen but was in fact rejected. To say that the alternative was for 'the English people to rise to the heights to which they were summoned by Cromwell and Milton' tells us nothing precise. It would be interesting to know what, in Mr. Fell's view, was the practical alternative to the restoration of the Stuarts in 1660, and on what grounds he supposes that whatever alternative he can suggest would have been of greater benefit to the country during the last 300 years than the restoration of the monarchy.

Yours, etc.,

Taunton

TIMOTHY G. WHITWORTH

Tanganyika: a People Full of Hope

Sir,—Your correspondent Mr. Mason (THE LISTENER, June 23) has misunderstood me. In accounting for the perilous backwardness of higher education in Tanganyika he takes it that I have overlooked the 'conditions and political "philosophy" of thirty to forty years ago'. I assure him that I have not. It is precisely the continuation of that same outlook in certain quarters today which impedes a wholehearted drive to increase higher educational facilities for Africans.

In my talk I asked for 'an educational drive amounting to a military operation' (THE LISTENER, May 19). The United Nations mission in their report published on May 30 asked for a 'crash programme' in secondary education (The Times, May 31). The response, as still the responsibility, lie with us in Britain. Otherwise Tanganyika is going to be out of Britain's ken before ever being properly in it.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

KATHLEEN M. STAHL

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

St. Columba

Sir,—On a point of historical accuracy: St. Colum Cille was not, as stated by Mr. Eric Mathieson, in THE LISTENER of June 16, born in the fifth century, but the sixth—521 A.D., to be precise. One might further add—in extenuation of the saint's recourse to arms in the famous Battle of the Books—that in addition to King

Dermot's celebrated copyright judgement in Finnian's favour, there was also the matter of the wrongdoer whom he had forcibly removed from Colum Cille's personal protection and executed, and of the saint's virtual house arrest on the king's orders.

As to the historicity of the matter, the above incidents are set forth by the historian Joyce in his account of the 'legend' of the origin of the Battle-Book of the O'Donnells! While the eminent authority Macalister seems to aim a heavy spanner at the works when he poses a possible distinction between Columba, who 'spent twelve days in transcribing for his own use a good copy of the Vulgate translation of the Gospels', and Colum Cille, the master scribe and evangelist of Scotland!

The Battlefield of the Books is in the region of the grave of the poet Yeats.—Yours, etc.,

Belfast, 5

JAMES CLARE IRVINE

'Nietzsche: Unpublished Letters'

Sir,—In his review of *Nietzsche: Unpublished Letters*, translated from the German and edited by Karl F. Leidecker (Peter Owen) in THE LISTENER of June 9, Mr. F. A. Lea is unnecessarily harsh regarding the *Selected Letters of Friedrich Nietzsche*, translated by A. M. Ludovici, edited by Dr. Oscar Levy (Heinemann, 1921) and the English translation of Nietzsche's Works (1908-1913).

Mr. Lea states that the only Nietzsche letters available in English hitherto have been the 'handful mistranslated, like the bulk of his works, by the late Dr. Oscar Levy.' 'Handful' is hardly the right measure for an edition of 197 letters (170 by Nietzsche and 27 by his correspondents). Nor does Mr. Lea hesitate to quote generously from well over thirty passages of these letters in his own book *The Tragic Philosopher, a study of Friedrich Nietzsche* (Methuen, 1957) not to mention the references to Dr. Levy's edition which are to be found on almost every page of this extensive work.

Dr. Oscar Levy himself pointed out the shortcomings which faced the translators of the eighteen-volume edition in his editorial note to Vol. IV, 'Thoughts out of Season' (1909) (pages vii and viii) and again in the preface to the index volume (1913) (pages xi and xii): I would like to quote some of his words which hold good to the present day:

As this cause is somewhat holy to me, I am ready to listen to any suggestions as to improvements of style or sense coming from qualified sources. I have not entered into any engagements with publishers, not even with the present one, which could hinder my task, or make me consent to omission or falsification or sugaring of the original text to further the sales of the books.

It would indeed be an excellent idea to have the English translation of Nietzsche's works available in three volumes, printed on thin paper, like the handsome German edition of Professor Schlechta (Hanser Verlag, Munich, 1956). The researches of Professor Schlechta in the Weimar Archives concerned the 'Will of Power' which proved to be partly a posthumous hodge-podge concocted by Mrs. Foerster-Nietzsche and her collaborators on the basis of discarded notes and rejected sketches found in Nietzsche's papers. It is this equivocal work (volumes 14 and 15 of the English translation) which will require revision.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

MAUD ROSENTHAL

The Civet-cats of Stoke Newington

FRANCIS WATSON on an episode in the life of Daniel Defoe

DANIEL DEFOE was conscientious about dates and anniversaries. Alone on an island he would certainly have notched a stick as Robinson Crusoe did. So it is a little ironic that in his case the first notch, the date of his birth, has been rubbed away. The year itself was long in dispute but is now inferred to have been 1660, leaving us a choice of days for his tercentenary. The London borough of Stoke Newington chose the month of May—the month of Charles II's Restoration—to commemorate Defoe; I dare say he would have been gratified to have been remembered so long and resurrected so studiously—except, perhaps, in the curious matter of the civet-cats. That perfume at least, he might think, should by now have been dissipated.

Indeed, it *had* been dissipated, the story had been lost, until some twenty-three years ago when Mr. Theodore Newton uncovered from the Public Record Office the reason for those mysterious sneers of 'civet-cat merchant' which Defoe's enemies threw at him, among other missiles, in his troubled lifetime. I hope I can make clear my own reasons for bringing up this less than creditable episode in the career of a man and a writer who commands my fascinated allegiance.

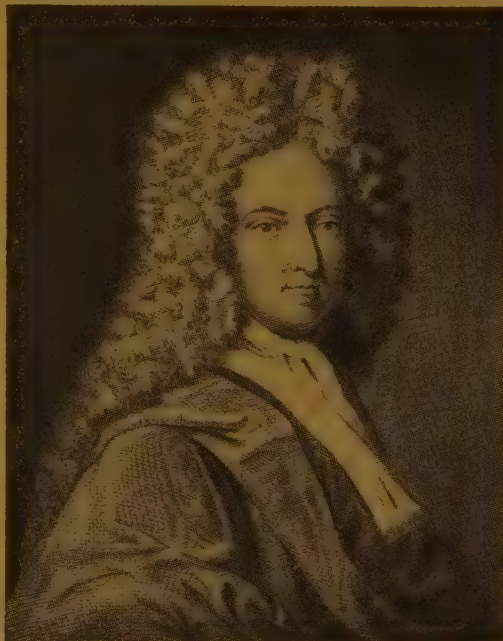
Civet-cats are not skunks, though the names may be interchangeable for purposes of invective. They were bred for their secretions, used in making perfume and for dubious medical ends; and the ounce of civet with which Shakespeare's King Lear proposed to sweeten his imagination might sometimes fetch as much as £2. The cat-house at Stoke Newington, where a certain Mr. Barksdale was keeping seventy civet-cats in the year 1692, was an investment, rather like a mink-farm today.

Enterprise without Capital

Daniel Defoe was then in his early thirties. He was married, and he had already been actively established for perhaps ten years as a London merchant. He had travelled on the Continent, he had contacts with King William III, and the first half-dozen of his writings had been published. What did he want with Mr. Barksdale's civet-cats? Why did he buy them for £852, which proved to be nearly twice their value when they were subsequently seized as chattels? Worse still, why did he do so when all he could find in cash was a £200 deposit? To borrow another £400, why did he have to go to a man to whom he already owed £1,000? Why did he then use this loan for something else, following which his creditor obtained a writ of seizure on the cats and put them up for sale? Can we bear to follow it further? At this point Defoe persuaded his mother-in-law to buy the animals and let him have the income from them, but without disclosing that the whole procedure was invalid anyway, since the original owner, Mr. Barksdale, had already recovered the cat-farm on account of default on the payments—and had sold it to yet another party. All of

which stood to be sorted out—if it could ever be sorted out—in the courts. And the legal proceedings and testimonies give us our story, confused but damaging to Defoe.

Nobody would have looked for the story in our own day if Daniel Defoe had not outlived it to write another story when he was nearing sixty. And would we have had *Robinson Crusoe*



Daniel Defoe: an engraving by J. Thomson after Michael van der Gucht

if its author had not been wrecked in bankruptcy in 1692, striking out wildly in the hope of being saved by seventy civet-cats? The question stays wide open. But I can think of no writer who forced from the capital of experience a higher yield than Defoe. The anonymous or pseudonymous books stream from his pen. The disguises are endless: a cavalier, a saddler, a pirate, a highwayman, a lonely castaway, a Frenchman or a Scotsman, a Whig or a Tory, a Swedish officer or a female felon. The craftsman of the candid fact draws us from his works to himself, but as we pick up the trail he is on the move again: a secret agent charting the currents of political opinion for Queen Anne's ministry; posting into Scotland, cloaked and muffled, to forward the cause of a United Kingdom: riding over all the atrocious roads of that United Kingdom to transact his business, and leave us the record of his times; in hiding from his enemies in the country, or hoodwinking them under their noses in London: pursued by the Queen's officers, commissioned by the Queen's ministers; and at last, his buoyant energy spent, disappearing from his big house at Stoke Newington, hunted or haunted by we know not what, to creep into a secret lodging in the parish of Cripple-gate where he had been born in the Restoration year of Charles II, to die there in the reign of George II, the long

span ended and its chronicles set down in the enormous cryptogram of his works.

Cryptogram may be too strong a word. But it has taken a long time, and the specialized careers of some notable scholars, to get this undefeatable outsider of literature into focus as what the historian Trevelyan has called 'the typical man of his day'. Identifying the works has been part of the process: not collecting them—there has never been, and probably will never be, a complete collected edition: but establishing the canon, as the researchers call it, making the bibliography.

The Author Revealed in his Works

The list of Defoe's works of all kinds is now put at 545 by the leading American specialist, Professor J. R. Moore of Indiana, who came to Stoke Newington early in May to open the borough library's tercentenary exhibition. I asked him if he used a sixth sense as well as a card-index to check one reference against another, to penetrate Defoe's disguises and assess his reliability—to avoid, as it were, being sold a civet-cat. He conceded that one develops a nose for the trail. A pioneer of the game—also an American—wrote a book more than forty years ago called *Daniel Defoe and How to Know Him*. The best known of the works may seem to have made their way in their own right: the *Journal of the Plague Year*, *Moll Flanders*, *Colonel Jack*, the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, the *New Voyage Round the World*, or whatever the favourite title may be. Generations of readers of *Robinson Crusoe* in all languages have hardly inquired who the author was, or even whether it had an author at all. But the man who reveals little or nothing of himself upon the title-page can be found in the narrative, because his experience, his reading, his own life and times, observed and considered and reported and argued, are the inexhaustible materials of his trade.

And so back to Stoke Newington, or Newington Green—not his birthplace, not by any means his only home, but a place of important associations with a writer whose tercentenary might equally be celebrated in Halifax or Edinburgh—or for that matter in Maryland or Madagascar, or in an imaginary island off the mouth of the Orinoco, 9 degrees and 22 minutes north of the Line. The village that Defoe knew has long ago been swallowed up by London. Down a passage along the old line of its High Street, near the 73 bus stop, a fragment remains of what may have been Defoe's garden wall when in the latter part of his life he had a substantial house here, and in the house a library—histories, pamphlets, books on economics and agriculture and apparitions, travel books and maps from the great centuries of enterprise—a library that was a sort of extension or outer casing of a well-stocked mind. One may visualize Defoe—at least I often do—as an equestrian figure. But books are not set to paper on horseback, nor in the pillory

which furnished his enemies with their preferred portrait of him.

Robinson Crusoe and the great stack of Defoe's autumn harvest of writing came out of this library in Stoke Newington. Crusoe—I mean the man himself as he took shape under the hurrying quill—was a triumphant success, despite his privations and his awful predicament, despite his melancholy, despite his folly—all of which we are liable to forget in the excitement of shortened versions. Defoe's dreams of success are there, as well as his fears of failure; the possibility of escape and survival, the doom of wreck and exile; and also the memories of fatal imprudence. Robinson Crusoe said of his apprenticeship to misfortune: 'My unlucky head was full of projects and designs'.

Nobody's head was more hospitable to such things than Defoe's: not only business enterprises with their attendant risks, but also large schemes of public improvement. His famous *Essay upon Projects* dealt among other things with banking, insurance, the highways, education, salvage operations, and the bankruptcy laws. It was begun when he himself was struggling in the toils of his first financial crash. Some thirty years later he was still at it, with proposals for a London University, a Foundling Hospital, proper treatment for lunatics, and, as his title had it: 'The way to make London the most Flourishing City in the Universe'. He had much to do with the establishment of the South

Sea Company, but sold his own shares just in time when speculation ran wild. Before he became mixed up with the civet-cats, he had had some trouble with the patent of a diving-machine.

But the real reason for the collapse of a solid beginning in business was the mercantile losses in the war with France—for which the government of the day considered a Bill to indemnify the merchants who had suffered, but then threw it out: that, and a state of things in which credit was too easily raised, and financial default or financial accident too viciously punished. Defoe, in point of fact, paid back more than he need have done when he pulled himself out of bankruptcy; and got another business going nicely, and saw that ruined in a few weeks when he was gaoled and pilloried for alleged seditious libel.

Over and over again in his writings he describes the agonies of mind of the distressed tradesman; the stratagems that only deepen the entanglement; the strain of choosing, too late, the moment to break; and the experience that he had bought of the dread consequences. He speaks of being hunted down like a deer and driven, when breath is spent, to stand at bay. And the words that strike truest and deepest are those that show how a man, for the survival of his family, will take courses into which he would not have been led for himself. The thieves and molls and assorted miscreants of what we now call his

novels are often cheerful extroverts. But they, too, know the prayer: 'Give me not poverty, O Lord, lest I steal!'

There is another signpost to Defoe in Stoke Newington. Not far from where Mr. Barksdale kept his civet-cats (in a house containing, as it was deposited, 'several coops with troughs and cisterns to feed them in and stoves for keeping of fires in the several rooms for the preservation of the said cats'), was another building where Defoe had been to school. By birth and the Act of Uniformity he was a Dissenter, excluded from, among other things, a university education. He was trained in the Academy at Newington Green for the only profession open to Dissenters, that of a preacher. He preferred to take up trade, but one may say that in a sense he preached also, which made his enemies the more exasperated and his own failings the more liable to exposure. So his individual story of stubborn struggle, in which he was often at odds with his own community, comes to seem to us, significantly, a record of the rising, thrusting, Protestant middle-class. Crusoe himself, the singlehanded founder of a colony, comes from what his father recommends, rather unctuously, as the 'middle station of life'.

But Crusoe is much more than that: he is man himself, in a new and potent myth. He was one of the reasons for the French Revolution; and he is still the reason for the discovery of Defoe.—*Home Service*

Power and Democracy in the Labour Party

(concluded from page 1126)

What I believe is needed is for the parliamentary leadership, resting on the support of the Parliamentary Party, to insist on its absolute autonomy, granting to conference decisions persuasive but not binding authority—on matters of principle and detail alike. This cannot come out of the blue but could stem as a straightforward act of defiance of a particular unpalatable conference decision.

The leadership should do this partly, as Sidney Webb suggested, because the mass vote in the constituencies is wildly unrepresentative of the bulk of the Labour supporters, consisting as it does of perhaps some 50,000 activists, whereas Labour M.P.s, being elected by millions of Labour supporters, form the most representative body in the movement.

The unrepresentative nature of party activists is a phenomenon of all political parties—though it is often difficult to prove it conclusively. A rare demonstration of proof occurred during the Bournemouth dispute between Mr. Nigel Nicolson, M.P., and his local constituency party. His local executive, it will be remembered, voted to drop him by a majority of something like 20 to 1. And they were the most active activists of all. Mr. Nicolson fought back. Eventually a ballot was arranged of all party members in the constituency—and this resulted in his defeat by less than 100 votes in more than 7,000: and it is all Lombard Street to a china orange that if all Conservative voters in the constituency had been polled, Mr. Nicolson would have won the day.

It may be urged, however, that to deprive Labour activists of their power at conference

would knock all the stuffing out of them. But would it? Would not the feeling that they might at last win a vote more than compensate for their present frustrated impotence? For the leadership would no longer have to strive so strenuously to carry conference with them.

It is highly arguable that the present scourges which ensure defeat for the delegates time and again actually encourage rebelliousness. Again, it may be said that to give complete authority to the Parliamentary Party would entrench the leadership for all time. But would it? The example of the Tories confounds such a view. For though Tory conferences are shorn of all power more Tory leaders' heads have toppled in the last forty years than have those of Labour's leaders. The Parliamentary Party and its leaders, after all, would still need to carry their supporters with them. Those envelopes would still need licking. M.P.s would still want to be readopted.

When all is said, the best reason for establishing the ultimate autonomy of the Parliamentary Party is that to do so is sound constitutional doctrine. Parliament, not the closed conferences of political parties, is the governing body of Britain. Its members are sent to Westminster by their constituents as representatives, not as delegates. It was easy enough in the circumstances of its origin for the Labour Party to have blurred these distinctions at first. But the party is grown up now. It has come of age. Yet it is still hag-ridden by its rigid forty-two-year-old constitution, which gives wide power to extra-parliamentary influences. If the constitution cannot be amended by direct assault, it must be

circumvented by assertive action taken by the parliamentary leaders themselves. For it is highly doubtful if the electors will ever again wish to return a party which shows itself dependent on the say-so of an outside caucus.

—Third Programme

This subject is to be discussed by Mr. Yates at greater length in an article which will appear in 'The Political Quarterly' to be published on July 9.

Handfast Point

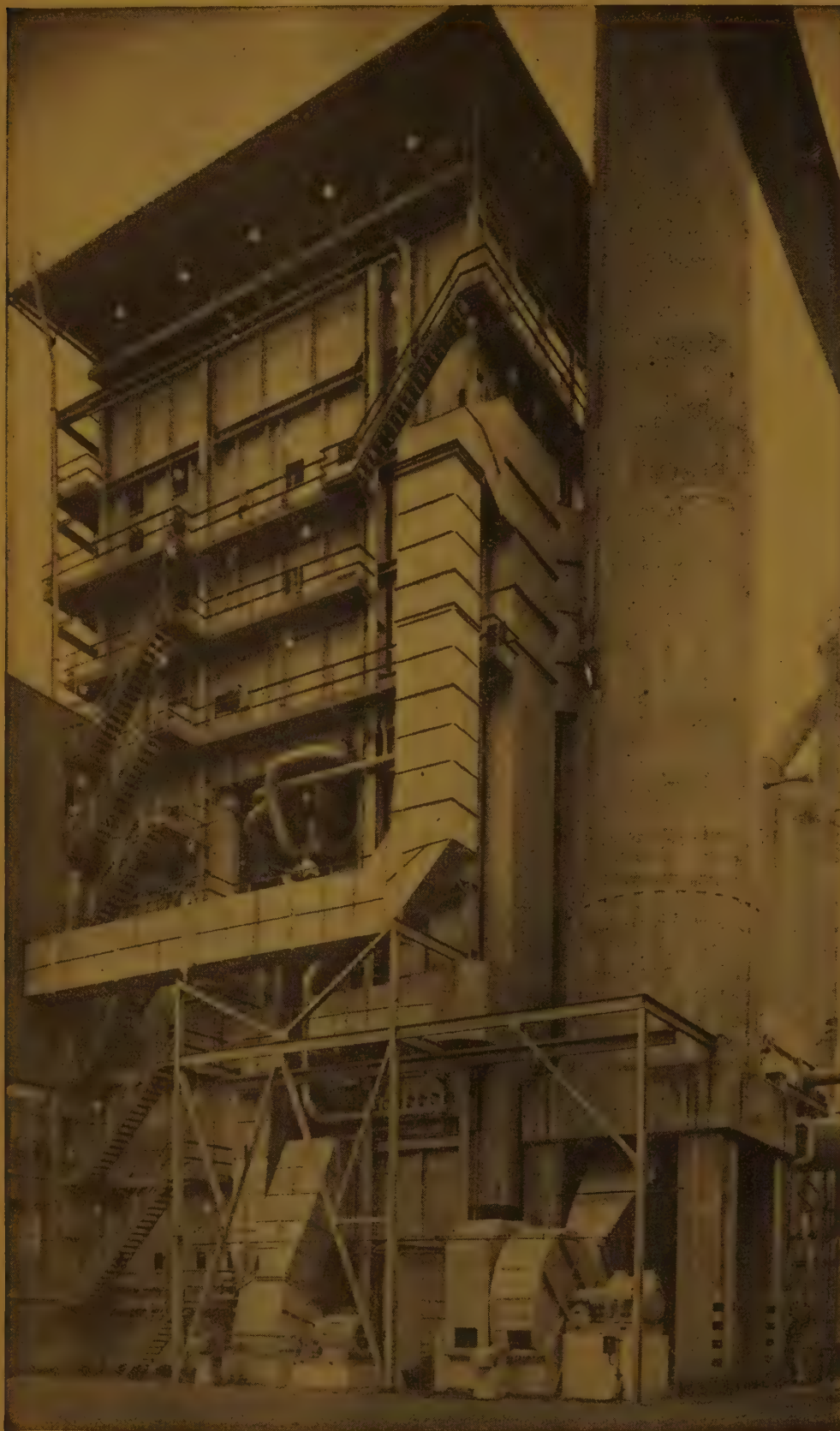
Pale cliffs and sky
Grow dim, and dimmer.
The headlands die,
And scarcely glimmer.
Night climbs, and in a breeze
Touches the trees.

The house is still,
And the grey moths flit
Under the hill
That covers it;
And catching the sea's hiss,
We dream, not kiss.

And one star glows
In the peach-pale west,
And nothing shows
On the bay's dark breast,
And ghostly whispers pass
Through the long grass.

F. T. PRINCE

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The Listener's Book Chronicle

Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells
 Edited with an introduction by
 Harris Wilson. Hart-Davis. 25s.

Reviewed by VINCENT BROME

ENOCH ARNOLD BENNETT, a comparatively unknown reviewer and editor of a penny magazine for women, wrote a brief and formal letter of appreciation to Herbert George Wells in September 1897, enclosing a copy of his review of *The Invisible Man*. Wells, whose scientific romances had driven W. T. Stead to describe him as 'a man of genius', dashed off a reply which was three times as long and bubbling with that irrepressible vitality which characterized so much of his work at the time. It was the beginning of a literary friendship destined to last thirty years, and now we have, from the inexhaustible Wells Archives in Illinois University, the whole correspondence, fully annotated with a brief and illuminating introduction by Harris Wilson. Neither Wells nor Bennett could ever write a dull letter. In consequence, even some trivia which seem to be included in this collection for the sake of comprehensiveness are redeemed by crispness or wit.

Wells, on one occasion, defined the difference between 'this man Bennett and myself. . . . He [Bennett] was impermeable. He learnt with extraordinary rapidity and precision. He was full of skills and information. The bright clear mosaic of impressions was continually being added to and all the pieces stayed in their places. He did not feel the need for a philosophy or for a faith, or for anything to hold them together'. Clearly, in this collection of letters, their widely different socialist and *laissez-faire* philosophies come through, and there are moments when Wells's splenetic energy bursts some wonderfully characteristic letters down on paper: 'You are always taking surface values that I reject. Hotels are not luxurious, trains de luxe are full of coal grit, chefs and pianists are not marvellous persons, dramatic triumphs are silly uproars'.

Bennett had protested that his devotion to these values was largely ironic, but Wells did not believe him. '... It isn't irony—you believe in these things For some unfathomable reason you don't penetrate You have probably never been in love. I doubt if you ever weep. You have no passion for justice But you are a dear delightful person and please let me know what time you come to England'.

Later, Bennett admitted that he had never been in love, that tears sometimes came to his eyes but never fell, and as for justice—he had no passion whatever for it. But Wells Wells simply was not an artist except in so far as he disdainfully made use of art for reforming ends. These were the days when blistering abuse sometimes accompanied the warmest friendship, and a few letters later the two men are bombarding one another with compliments. Bennett to Wells: 'No one knows more about the craft of fiction than you do'. Wells to Bennett: 'You have the best mind in Europe (in many respects)'.

There are many revealing exchanges in these letters, with Wells describing *Anna of the Five*

Towns as like 'a photograph a little under-developed' and Bennett complaining that Wells always returned to the same kind of hero because his curiosity about individualities didn't lead him very far. Bennett was dedicated to the art of fiction and its derivations, with at least as much fervour as Henry James, but Wells hated derivative work and wrote: 'All fairly good work has its excellence in something which is not commensurable with anything outside itself'.

It is interesting to read, in the letter dated January 21, 1921, those sentences, suppressed in former biographies, which now reveal the range of Wells's love life.

The supposition, commonly held by former biographers and sustained by discreet friends, that Wells, when he spoke bombastically of being a great man, was indulging an impish taste for irony, is seriously questioned by several letters printed here for the first time. Clearly he did regard himself very highly and was even prepared to brief Bennett on a whole list of distinctions when Bennett was asked to write a 'Wells profile' for America.

It is a pity perhaps that these letters were not more indiscreet. A hint or two of the inner lives of Wells and Bennett sometimes breaks through polite badinage, but not much more. It is almost as if too many of them were written with a conscious or unconscious desire for future publication. None the less, the public personalities of the two men come vividly alive in the short compass of this volume.

The Greatest Problem and Other Essays
 By F. L. Lucas. Cassell. 30s.

Learned yet genial, sceptical but enthusiastic, F. L. Lucas desires that we should all lead the good life, and here he is, not for the first time, to tell us how to do so. The great secrets are common sense and the enjoyment of books. We have here essays about Tolstoy and Housman explaining how they contrived to make themselves miserable by the lack of the former commodity and the wrong use of the latter; essays ('Translation' and 'Of Books') to demonstrate how Mr. Lucas, resolutely refusing to get worked up about eschatological questions, has been rather luckier; and essays of a very general tone, one about happiness and another about the dangers of over-population ('The Greatest Problem'), which suggest that if only its inhabitants were less silly the world would be a more sensibly ordered place.

But despite this tendency to equate 'x' with 'x', Mr. Lucas's approach is sympathetic. Speaking with all the strength and goodwill of his *anima naturaliter pagana*, he wants us to reject cant and set about enjoying things, and he certainly gives us some useful pointers. One trouble, however, is that he is not at his best when trying to sustain a lengthy argument; with the result (for example) that his essay on 'The Menace of Science to the Humanities', for all its frequent good things, emerges *in toto* as a scrappy and petulant document which will hardly raise a shrug from Sir Charles Snow. I suspect, in fact, that Mr. Lucas's real vocation is that of a short-distance reviewer: for in 'The

Literature of Greek Travel' we have a series of brief, pithy and largely unconnected descriptions of Near-Eastern travellers and their books, each individual description being a model of its kind for relevant information and pungent, good-humoured comment.

Indeed, even in the least satisfactory of these essays passages of matchless good sense abound (it is not for nothing that Mr. Lucas admires the Great Duke of Wellington). Thus he pertinently inquires whether we in fact *want* a larger population even if we can easily sustain it; remarks that it is often idle to expect intellectual depth of a creative writer; and takes a nice, round swipe at undergraduates who slop about Cambridge hand in hand with clinging and time-wasting girl friends. All well and good. But these admirable observations are so often surrounded by such acres of peevish chatter, of fussy insistence on the importance of the humanities, that one concludes very firmly that Mr. Lucas writes a great deal too much in any given instance. In short, he protests too shrilly and too long; so that one is entitled to wonder whether he isn't rather less sure of himself and his values than he appears to be, whether he isn't secretly afraid lest his solid and well-stocked library should one day collapse about him, as thin and futile as a house of cards.

SIMON RAVEN

The Masks of God: Primitive Mythology
 By Joseph Campbell.

Secker and Warburg. 35s.

Death and the Right Hand. By Robert Hertz. Translated by R. and C. Needham. Cohen and West. 18s.

From the publication of *The Origin of Species* until about 1914 one of the favourite occupations of literary gentlemen of a speculative, philosophical or sociological turn of mind was to assemble items of information from primitive or non-European societies in essays which should demonstrate the origin or development of some human habit or institution from the simplest beginnings to the exalted position now held by the author (and, it was hoped, his readers): Spencer, Engels, Tylor, Frazer are shining examples of this trend. After 1914, the custom fell into desuetude, at least among English-language writers, though it retained some popularity among the systematizing French and Germans. Anthropologists have become more and more convinced that a single item abstracted from the total behaviour of a society is meaningless, in so far as it cannot be properly interpreted without its context.

In the last decade some literary gentlemen have resumed this habit of using snippets of anthropological data, but now to illustrate an esoteric key to human development or human history which they have discovered. The most ingenious of these essays was probably Robert Graves's *The White Goddess*; one of the most egregious G. Rattray Taylor's *Sex in History*. Joseph Campbell's *The Masks of God* belongs probably between the two; less audaciously original than Mr. Graves, less given to the

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simplified mishandling of psychological concepts than Mr. Taylor. Not that Dr. Campbell does not mishandle psychological concepts; but the concepts he uses as metaphors are derived from ethology, rather than from psycho-analysis.

The Masks of God starts off promisingly, with short reviews of the concepts of ethology and of the biological development of human beings, so that one hopes that the book is going to relate religious behaviour to the psychological and physiological human constants. But these hopes are false; the subjects are only introduced to provide some scientific-sounding trappings to Mr. Campbell's hobby horses, which then proceed to gallop wildly through time and space. Mr. Campbell believes that there are three phases of human development, each with its typical mythology and ritual for getting in touch with the Absolute, each of which occurred only once in human history in one area, and then spread by diffusion to the rest of the world; he does not believe in parallel development, and so fills the Indian and Pacific oceans with imaginary boats full of culture-carriers to Australasia and the Americas. His first tradition, and much the oldest (he goes back to the hominids, and apparently believes that Neanderthal were the direct ancestors of *homo sapiens*) is that of the hunters, with masked shamans controlling the game and a worship of the mother goddess. Second come tropical gardeners with the myth of the supreme goddess and the dying and resurrected son-lover; and finally the hieratic city state with the sacrificed king and elaborate relations between astronomy and religious ritual. All religions and mythologies of all times and all peoples are alleged to fall into one of these three patterns, or combinations of them.

This book cannot be treated as a contribution to science, for the author is completely arbitrary in his choice of illustrations, and has a superb disregard for formal logic. People who like to muse about 'the deeper realms of being from which the energies of life ultimately spring' will find quite a lot of novel or suggestive material written in a fairly plain prose which is definitely better than that of Madame Blavatsky, though less distinguished than Aldous Huxley's *Perennial Philosophy*. Mr. Campbell is chary in giving references, but in those he does give he seems to rely heavily on Pater Schmidt, Heine-Geldern, Frobenius, and other Germans.

An elegant example of library research into anthropological problems, when this method was at its apogee, is presented in two essays by Robert Hertz, a pupil of Durkheim and friend of Mauss, who was killed in 1915 at the age of thirty-three. These date from 1907 and 1909; because Hertz was killed so young, the work of this obviously brilliant man has been little known in England; as Professor Evans-Pritchard points out in his introduction, the material is still of major interest, even though some of the generalizations which Hertz took over from Durkheim would no longer command wide acceptance. The more substantial essay, *A Contribution to the Study of the Collective Representation of Death*, investigates the sociological implications, both for the dead and for the survivors, of the funerary rites of the Dayaks of Borneo and of the other tribes, who, like them, have first a temporary burial, and then a long period of mourning and ritual observances before the second and final disposal of the dead. This concentration on a limited

and rigorously documented aspect of primitive beliefs and ritual is far more informative about some aspects of primitive religion than all Mr. Campbell's guesses; and death is a subject about which, for understandable reasons, there has been very little speculative thought in the last fifty years. The second essay, on *The Pre-eminence of the Right Hand*, is slighter, and is invalidated by an excessive reliance on the belief that dualism, the contrast between sacred and profane, is 'the essence of primitive thought'. But the problem it raises is still unanswered: why, with apparently so little physiological bias in favour of unilaterality, do nearly all human societies make so much distinction, both literally and metaphorically, between the use and functions of the two hands, or the two sides, between the right and the sinister? These essays are written with clarity and wit, and the translation of Dr. and Mrs. Needham is impeccable.

GEOFFREY GORER

The Coming of the New Deal. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jun. Heinemann. £3 3s.

Few large-scale pieces of historical writing can have been followed with such interest on both sides of the Atlantic as Professor Schlesinger's remarkable *The Age of Roosevelt*. It is therefore the more to be regretted that over a year has elapsed between the publication of Volume II in the United States and in Britain. One may begin by expressing the hope that this gap will not occur again. An unfortunate effect, among others, is that it may dull the reception which is due to so masterly a performance, because many of the people most interested will have read the American edition. Nevertheless, it is worth making the point once more that no comparable attempt at recording a period of our recent past has appeared—I say *our* recent past since the history of the New Deal belongs to the whole Western world.

While the present volume omits any consideration of foreign affairs, which are reserved for subsequent study, its interest for European readers should be in no way diminished. As the prologue, 'The Hundred Days', reminds us, the early period of the New Deal was the most important as well as the most dramatic attempt so far made to deal with the economic and human problems of modern industrial society without a fundamental departure from liberal values. I think we are inclined to forget how deep the crisis was, and even Professor Schlesinger, now supporting for the Presidency so representative a figure of the 'affluent society' as Senator Kennedy, may sometimes perhaps look back nostalgically to this period of great endeavour and high ideals.

After setting the scene, Professor Schlesinger deals with the main fields of federal activity in the period between Roosevelt's inauguration and his resounding triumph in the mid-term elections of 1934. In each case, whether it be industrial planning, agriculture, labour, the creation of employment through public works, or conservation, Mr. Schlesinger shows equal skill in indicating what the basic issues were and in delineating the portraits of those who under Roosevelt grappled with them. Mr. Schlesinger has been criticized in the past for a certain ambivalence in his economic thinking, but this state of non-committal probably serves him well in the present context, where he is dealing with

a series of policies evolved for different reasons by different people and by no means all conforming to any single economic creed. Above all, he brings out with the greatest clarity the tug-of-war, perhaps most noticeable in the agricultural field, between those concerned only with putting things back on a more or less even keel and those who wished to seize the opportunity to give social development a new direction.

Finally, Mr. Schlesinger comes to his own assessment of the President in his capacity as the inspirer and co-ordinator of all this activity. Mr. Schlesinger has no personal and infallible key to the complex problem of Roosevelt's personality; he admits that there are sides of his character which are difficult to reconcile in psychological terms. There are the corny jokes which remind one of Lincoln, there is the passion for philately which gave him his single point of contact with King George V. But Mr. Schlesinger is not only prepared to admit that Roosevelt was inscrutable; he is inclined to argue that a measure of inscrutability is inherent in the position of President. Rich though the literature on Roosevelt is, Mr. Schlesinger rightly points out that all of it necessarily emanates from persons who only saw one side of the President and his work: 'the picture created by this mass of individual stories, while vivid and overwhelming, was inevitably distorted and too often querulous. For no subordinate ever got what he wanted or thought he needed'. And this could not help being so, for 'the President occupied the apex of the pyramid of frustration. The essence of his job was to enforce priorities—and thereby to exasperate everybody'. The warning is a salutary one, and one could add that since Roosevelt, like other great politicians, relied to an enormous extent upon personal contact, the 'papers' will never tell us the final truth.

The second volume of *The Age of Roosevelt* more than confirms the promise of the first. Whether or not Mr. Schlesinger will prove to be the definitive historian of the nineteen-thirties in America is an open question, but one thing is certain: this is a book to be read and digested by everyone who wishes to grasp the foundations of contemporary America.

MAX BELOFF

The Second Empire. By G. P. Gooch. Longmans. 30s.

In his preface, Dr. Gooch, denying his book to be a history, states his intention is 'to study the Emperor's complex character . . . to assess the influence of his wife and relations . . . to watch his ministers at work and his critics in attack . . . and to recapture something of the atmosphere of two colourful decades', a diversity of projects, which one would think better illustrated by a straightforward narrative. Instead, he offers a batch of essays, some quite obviously reviews, about a number of politically, socially, or licentiously prominent individuals in the years between 1851 and 1870, what are today called 'personalities'. 'A personality', Max Jacob once said, 'is a persistent error', and the meaning of that enigmatic phrase becomes clear as one looks at the deplorable characters who clambered on to the dicky of the usurper's chariot. *La carrière ouverte aux talents*, yes indeed; but too often, how dubious the talents and how disreputable the career.

Only rarely does an honest, intelligent and attractive character stand examination, a Victor Duruy, a Mérimée. Otherwise the best Dr. Gooch offers is probably the Man of Sin himself, Napoleon 'the well-meaning', a reluctant dragon if ever there was one, so hesitant, so tortuous, so different from the romantic caricature of villainy drawn by his enemies, so far from the imagined inventor of fascism.

There follow portraits of the family: Eugénie, bigoted, headstrong, frigid, frivolous and brave; several dull mistresses; Princesse Mathilde, struggling to maintain a salon; that strange Bonaparte, the *César déclassé* Jerome, intelligent, ambitious and unbalanced. There are the ministers, Persigny, Rouher, Magne, the shallow Ollivier; some political soldiers, some political churchmen; professional politicians and journalists; Victor Hugo, Flaubert, Taine.

In spite of Dr. Gooch's intimate knowledge, the book is not entirely satisfying. The absence of a unifying theme will disconcert those with no knowledge. For those familiar with the period it is little better than anecdotal history. Further, the author confines many of his characters almost wholly to the years 1848-70. The more important years of Thiers's life fell before 1851 and after Sedan, and his Orleanism was, one may hazard, never as strong as his Thierism. Similarly, Clemenceau before 1871 is of no serious interest. The decline of the Empire cannot be ascribed solely to authoritarianism; the most successful years were those when the system was at its toughest, from the *coup d'état* to 1857, the years of the Saint-Simoniens, dismissed by Dr. Gooch in a few sentences. To try to capture the 'atmosphere' of the Second Empire without noticing the Pereire brothers, the Talabot clan, Michel Chevalier and the treaty of 1860, to ignore the great battle between the inflationists and the Haute Banque, to neglect Baron James de Rothschild's sly '*L'Empire, c'est la baisse*', is to leave half the period unexplored. Where, too, is Marshal Niel's plan to reorganize the army, the rejection of which lies on the road to Sedan? Where is Prévost-Paradol, the brilliant *rallié*, who blew his brains out on discovering his deception? Where is the Paris mob that Ludovic Halévy watched from the Opera House in June, 1869? Where is *le Sublime*? Where is the Second Empire?

GUY CHAPMAN

The Mystery of the Flamingos.

By L. Brown. Country Life. 25s.

The House on the Shore. By E. Ennion. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 28s.

The Mystery of the Flamingos is a splendid book. For six years Mr. Brown devoted all the leave from his job in the Kenya Department of Agriculture to a study of the flamingos that inhabit the east African lakes in enormous numbers. Two kinds of these extraordinary birds live there, about 50,000 Greater Flamingos and about 3,000,000 Lesser—more than half the

total world population, which includes six kinds. In spite of these huge numbers very little was known about the lives of the birds, partly because their haunts are almost inaccessible and partly because of their apparently erratic mass movements from one lake to another many miles away. They generally prefer lakes of strongly alkaline water to those that are more nearly fresh, and they feed largely on the microscopic blue-green algae which are the only plants that can grow in the bitter, stinking water—1,000,000 Lesser Flamingos eat about 180 tons of algal scum a day.



Flamingos, both adults and small chicks, with an exceptionally tall bird almost six feet high

From 'The Mystery of the Flamingos'

The huge alkaline lakes of east Africa are shallow, and are seldom full of water; a great part of their area is generally a crust of soda crystals which, although it will bear the weight of a man in some places, is mostly a treacherous trap-door to the unplumbed soft mud below. The Lesser Flamingos nest in colonies on the dry bed of Lake Natron, some eight or nine miles from the shore and surrounded on three sides by open water; they are lost in the mirage, and consequently invisible from the land—small wonder that little was known about them. Mr. Brown's adventures and final success, after many setbacks and disappointments, in getting to know the flamingos and learning some of the secrets of their lives make a book as exciting as a whodunnit. He was able to solve many of the problems that surround their lives in mystery, and to make a full record in notes and films of what he saw. His determination in pursuing this study led him to many unexpected enterprises—the construction of floating hides, the designing of mud-skis, even learning to fly an aircraft in order to survey the inhospitable and inaccessible regions where the flamingos live. All the effort was well rewarded, not least by the sight of half a million rose-pink flamingos dabbling

under a tropic sky in the bright green algal soup of Lake Hannington.

Dr. Ennion's book gives a most readable account of the founding, organization, and day-to-day running of his Monk's House bird observatory on the Northumberland coast facing the Farne Islands. It includes several chapters on the construction and use of the various traps, nets, and snares employed to capture migrating birds in order to ring them so that their further wanderings after their release may be traced. The information given will be invaluable to those who wish to catch birds for that or any other purpose. The book is illustrated with photographs and skilful drawings by the author.

L. HARRISON MATTHEWS

Ibsen and the Temper of Norwegian Literature. By J. W. McFarlane. Oxford. 21s.

Ibsen, as he would like, stands in a minority of one. Otherwise Norwegian literature has made a surprisingly slight impact in this country. That is not due to a lack either of translations—the select bibliography of translations at the end of this book runs to a dozen pages—or of knowledgeable and influential interpreters, with Edmund Gosse as the chief of them; nor, one must quickly add, to essential demerits. At one time or another Ludvig Holberg of Bergen, Bjørnson, Kielland, Jonas Lie, Knut Hamsun, Johan Bojer, Sigrid Undset have been, and some still remain, household words among Norway's next neighbours and also in Germany, the United States, and Russia. The explanation must lie not in the quality but in the temper of the literature, which Mr. McFarlane expertly and sympathetically here elucidates in a series of essays, nine devoted to single authors and three of more diffuse scope.

Virtually all the major figures of Norwegian literature have pretty openly come forward as educators of their people; they have been public figures, whose opinions on topics of the day have not only been eagerly sought and given but also listened to: Wergeland was the prime motor of the nationalistic rally of the eighteen-thirties, for half a century Bjørnson spoke to thousands as their embodied conscience, the size of the label 'Traitor' to be pinned to Hamsun's back is still a matter of fiery debate. And these writers have, generally speaking, illustrated their teaching by unflattering, often cruel, portrayals of the sinful and the weak in 'mournful, impressive, gloomy landscapes without end' and a selfish, uncomprehending society: the exemplifications of virtue are apt to betray an equally forbidding 'proud and arrogant self-sufficiency'.

High moral seriousness combined with harsh realism on the positive side, on the negative side a deficiency in the 'contemptus caritatis' diagnosed by Pastor Brand's doctor, are a mixture not to English taste. If we are to have nasty physic in our jam it must be deeply and cunningly overlaid—as in their different ways

Dickens, George Eliot and Shaw did it—by wit, humour, sensationalism or sentiment. This perhaps is the reason why British reserve towards Norwegian literature has broken down before the author of *Peer Gynt*, the superb craftsman, who can introduce a whiff of poetry and more than a whiff of humour into the sordid story of Hedda Gabler, who can show the worth of a Gina Ekdal or Consul Bernick, who composed the magnificent love-duet of *The Master Builder*, Act II.

When I contended above that the Norwegian mixture is not to English taste, it would have been fairer to say that it was not to English taste at the time that its most distinguished dispensers were alive and active. But taste has changed. Mr. McFarlane's book should stimulate a reappraisal; and it is hoped that he will now devote himself to detailed studies—for which the best account in English that I know of Knut Hamsun's early work shows him to be admirably fitted. The scanty treatment of, for example, Kielland and the mature novels of Jonas Lie whet the appetite for more; and an impartial study of Wergeland is badly needed to help us decide whether he was a cudgel-player with a happy knack of throwing off the occasional fine lyric or a Romantic poet neglected outside his own country, but fit to be weighed in the same scales as Shelley.

BRIAN W. DOWNS

The Disastrous Marriage. By Joanna Richardson. Cape. 25s.

Take a handsome heir-apparent in his thirties, endow him with charm and talents, discrimination in his tastes and habits, make him the uninhibited seducer of countless women but also the husband (morganatically) of the only woman he really loved, and then unite him to a plain but over-sexed, coarse, unbalanced hoyden, allergic to soap and clean linen: in other words take the future George IV and Caroline of Brunswick and plot the probable course of their coupling. Whether or not George spent the first night dead drunk on the bedroom floor is immaterial: the marriage could not last. Even if he had not been repelled by his unattractive bride, his indefatigable love for buxom maternal females fifteen or more years his senior would have wrecked any marriage. If George could not be faithful to Maria Fitzherbert he could not be faithful to anyone.

The story of this most disastrous royal marriage with its brief and stormy period of cohabiting, its long, sordid, and pornographic sequel has been often told, but as fresh evidence is forthcoming it is always worth retelling. Having had access to some important unpublished correspondence Miss Joanna Richardson has written a good account of those turbulent twenty-five years of conjugal warfare. The real tragedy, as she suggests, lies not so much in their incompatibility as in the gradual evocation of the worst in the characters of the Prince and Princess. Whatever excuse George may have had for abandoning his wife, his later behaviour became unpardonable; whatever sympathies Caroline aroused in the early stages she destroyed by her increasingly shameless conduct. Only on the assumption (to which Miss Richardson inclines) that she was insane from the start can anything be said in her favour. But then she should never have married.

Miss Richardson writes so well that one wishes she had not had such a rush of authorities to the head. Quotations, not all of especial value or relevance, swarm into the text sometimes impeding the flow of the narrative and confusing the reader. In a work of this character there is no need for such a cascade of quotations. The best chapter in the book is the last where Miss Richardson writes as she herself thinks and feels.

W. BARING PEMBERTON

A Life in the Theatre. By Tyrone Guthrie. Hamish Hamilton. 25s. Theatre: The Rediscovery of Style By Michel St. Denis. Heinemann. 15s.

It is commonplace to remark that in the theatre good things come about in contrary ways. The Anglo-American capitals have an *ad hoc* pattern, companies are engaged for a single production and selected accordingly. European centres tend to the ensemble method, a team working together over a long period and able to take months rather than weeks to evolve a new production.

As with most things theatrical, it is people who give new life to platitudes. We might congratulate ourselves, anyway, on getting in one publishing season the first book by Michel St. Denis and also Tyrone Guthrie's leprechaunucopia of theatrical windmill-tilting. But we might not have anticipated that the two books would complement each other so fruitfully. These two directors illuminate each other's ways in the theatre and illustrate the typical divergence of Anglo-American and European approaches to the protean art.

M. St. Denis is a born artist rather than a born writer. Moreover, the theme of his five informal lectures, given in the United States in 1958, is the peculiarly elusive one of theatrical style and how best it may be evolved. Yet there are not a few moments when a memorable image is evoked, as when he transforms the old commonplace that an actor and his part should be hand-in-glove, seeing the actor as the glove and the part the hand that grows to fill it.

By contrast, Guthrie's seems more an organizing than an organic genius. He sees the main lines of a production as predetermined by choice of cast and thinks two or three weeks' rehearsal long enough for almost any play. This is not, as might be suspected, a contrast between superficial and profound preparation. It is more a matter of artistic temperament. Illumination may grow, lightning must flash. Anyway, Mr. Guthrie's memoirs of the theatre and the early days of the B.B.C. are unaffected, readable, amusing, and occasionally really eloquent. Good books about the theatre are not common. This is one.

ROY WALKER

The Church of the Apostles and Martyrs By H. Daniel-Rops. Dent. £2 5s.

Though the publishing of Daniel-Rops's history of the Church in a reversed chronological order has deprived the reader of a sense of development and climax, working backwards rather than forwards is not without its compensations. One can see more clearly how certain characteristics of the medieval Church are directly traceable to earlier events, personalities and rela-

tionships, which in themselves might easily be overlooked; and a number of details connected with the birth and growth of the infant Church take on a deeper significance when related to institutions, principles, and customs of a later age. It is one of the merits of this final (though logically first) volume that it draws attention, even though it be in footnotes, to some of these connexions.

In comparison with the *Church in the Dark Ages* and *Cathedral and Crusade*, in which the action is more spirited and the characters more vividly etched, this book has a quiet, muted quality which at first seems unimpressive. This is due, perhaps, to the familiarity of the gospel themes and the difficulty of creating new enthusiasm for old ideas. But with the section on the early Christian martyrs the text becomes alive. The incorporation of extensive extracts from the judicial examinations of the martyrs brings to the reader a flash of understanding both of the Roman officials and the attitude of their victims, and the extraordinary thing is that one has a feeling of sympathy for each side.

Daniel-Rops is not blind to the unenviable position of the Roman authorities and his assessment of their difficulties is sober and fair. He realizes that the outbreaks of persecution were due less to the bestiality of the Emperors (a point stressed by the Christian apologists) than to the hysteria of the mob, fed on scurrilous rumours of unnatural crime, whilst suspicion and fear were bred by the attitude of the Christians themselves, whose secrecy, poverty and abstention from social activity gave rise to the wildest imaginings. Whilst the heroic sufferings of the martyrs are described with candour and feeling, Daniel-Rops is chary of accepting all the elaborations to which the *Acta* have been submitted and he carefully adds that despite all the documents we are still far from understanding the soul of the first Christians. This remark takes on more significance when we read later of the hunting down of pagans and the punishments meted out to schismatics and heretics.

The chapter on the sources of Christian literature could, perhaps, have been improved by a little less comment and a little more analysis, but some memorable phrases sum up the authors under discussion: Tertullian has 'a soul of sounding brass', Paul of Samosata 'flounders noisily in Modalism and Adoptionism', and Origen's works have reached us 'in monumental ruins'. The rest of the book gathers momentum as the author describes in masterly fashion the great persecutions of the third century, the conversion of Constantine, the assault on orthodoxy by Donatus, Arius, and the Manichees, and the final triumph of the Christian ideal. There are some excellent sections on the growth of pilgrimages and the cult of relics, the emergence of monasticism as a new driving force in the development of Christianity, the elaboration of the liturgy and the impulse it gave to art, and the flowering of Christian literature.

Indeed, all the qualities that one associates with Daniel-Rops's writing are to be found here, the piercing insight into character, the vivid description of events, the lapidary phrase, the firm grasp of his vast material and above all the extreme readability. The translation by Audrey Butler deserves congratulation, for over the whole of this marathon course it never limps. Only in one instance could a criticism be levelled, where the long note on St. Peter's tomb seems out of date.

C. H. TALBOT

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Tolerance

IN THE CURRENT *Encounter*, Mr. Derek Hill, writing of the antediluvian obscurantism of the British Board of Film Censors, remarks:

There has of course been progress, and never more than during the past year or two. Scarcely a month now passes without an example of something which a few years ago would have been cut. One reason is television. When it was found that homosexuals, nudists, prostitutes, strip-tease dancers, and the victims of frigidity and sexual assault were able to appear and talk freely on television, the Board's failure to keep abreast of what the public will accept was brutally exposed.

I think this is true; and it is a very real virtue to set against the complaints made of the social effects of the medium, many of them of some substance—the mindless families glued to the goggle-box, the children watching Westerns on fine summer afternoons when they ought to be out playing Cowboys and Indians in the woods. Indeed this week's Brains Trust (June 23) optimistically suggested that the role of the new media of mass-entertainment and mass-communication might well be to build up again a 'bridge between the brows'—to reunite the old aristocratic minority culture, now sadly but enforcedly driven into 'highbrow' coteries and cliques, with the 'lowbrow' other 99 per cent. of the nation; to the immense advantage, be it said at once, of dwellers on both sides of the ravine.

If this is so, and it well may be, it is in the field of tolerance that some of the most spectacular progress will have been made. It is certainly important and encouraging that new facts and branches of knowledge should be introduced into homes previously empty of

them—that people should pick up smatterings of basic science, hear books discussed, see films of octopuses and aboriginals, and all the rest of it. But the widening of understanding, in the sense of *sympathy*, is even more important. And as I come to the end of a year of critical viewing, one of the most cheering things is to reflect on the 'bridges' that I have watched being built, both the 'bridge between the brows' and what

gram of the female reproductive organs. Nothing very startling in that? In the information itself, of course not; but as a mass-communication item, very startling indeed. We have grown so used to private and mass communication being conducted at quite ridiculously different levels.

'Lifetime' has always been a perfectly overt propagandist for tolerance—indeed on occasions even methinks the Consultant Psychiatrist doth

protest too much. This time (June 20) it was 'Hysteria'; and the programme gained much over recent items by concentrating upon a single case, with much benefit in the way of coherence, in both senses. 'Monitor's' plea for tolerance, on the other hand, has always been implicit: among perhaps more important functions, it may lure pin-heads into seeing that eggheads' pleasures (ballet, classical music, abstract painting) are indeed pleasures and not just 'being different', exercises in contempt. The programme on June 19 included an especially good item on the removal of Florentine frescos to functional museums from the walls on which they were painted, away from the holy buildings for which they were designed. I liked this because it went further than bland 'introduction', it added a fighting point of view. And how heartily I agree with that view! The museum is as yet an insufficiently recognized menace.

Make your way, by crowded bus and then by sore feet, across hot dusty Tuscany to some obscure village to see a *predella*, and you will remember that picture all your life. Cart it off to the Uffizi, and it will go in at one eye and out of the other. The context also is art.

What with Wimbledon and the new Television Centre, my successor is in for a rich week. It is with regret, as well as some all-too-human relief, that I cast down my pen and eyes.

HILARY CORKE

Mr. Peter Pound will take over next week from Mr. Corke.



From *A Sign of the Times*, a film about the city of Florence shown in 'Monitor': restoring an old fresco

one may think of as the bridge between private morality and official 'public' morality—the gradual passing of the absurd situation in which the merest commonplaces of decent and responsible private conversation were deemed by our national nannies as much too hot stuff for Master Jack and Miss Jill.

If anyone doubts the reality of this, let him look in on any week he cares to pick at random and consider the violent public outcries that it would have aroused a mere five years ago; and as for twenty years ago—the imagination cannot contemplate it. This same Brains Trust, for instance, began with a full and fair discussion of 'male homosexuality'—to which the Brains reacted as probably every modest liberal has done this thousand years past, in his private capacity: they found the practice personally distasteful but could not see that discreet acts of consenting adults in privacy were any of the law's affair. They were able to answer in fact as fair-minded individuals, not as uneasy public mouthpieces.

Then 'Life before Birth', in its second programme, 'Conception' (June 21), put on the screen a simple dia-

DRAMA

Taking Up the Slack

MR. FRANK STANTON, who holds the awe-inspiring position of President of the Columbia Broadcasting System, made a trip to Ohio State University last year to address a student meeting on the function of television. He had a lot to say about its capacity for 'helping democracy to work under stress', and its usefulness in 'taking up the slack' between those who had been 'exposed' to culture and those who had not. About its chances of anything of its own he was less encouraging. 'Television', he said, 'reflects the values of the society it serves; it cannot create them...'

I like to think that the last statement is less true of this country than it is of America; that some programmes—Denis Mitchell's documentary films, for instance—have served to undermine prejudice and increase the sum total of human sympathy. But if I come down to the one topic proper for me to discuss in my final article—the drama output on B.B.C. television



'Panorama' on June 20: white and coloured children of the Belgian Congo in a school in Leopoldville



André Morell (left) as Wilhelm Schindler, Ingeborg Wells as Anna, and Kenneth Haigh as Joseph Schindler in *Musical Chairs*

from this time last year—I have to admit that Mr. Stanton's view of things is pretty accurate.

The slack is certainly being taken up; and as one who has been exposed to the chill blast of culture, I'm delighted to see other people, hitherto snugly insulated, suffering the touch of its icy fingers. Nowadays, at least in my experience, one can talk to a shopkeeper or a door man about Shaw, Bridie, etc. The impact of such authors may not produce any startling results—but it does assist in releasing drama from the grasp of clubmen, and increasing the possible range of contact between different sectors of the community. The year's productions, some of them very fine, in the 'World Theatre' and Twentieth Century Theatre series must, at the lowest estimate, be accounted a valuable public service.

The state of new drama has been less healthy. The flow of material has been intermittent, and erratically billed. The answers to this objection are well known—the B.B.C. is not to be blamed for the quality of work submitted to it, nor for losing its writers to organizations that can pay more handsomely. All the same, when one compares the output with that of the independent networks, the lack of a *corps* of interesting writers is conspicuous. Both channels occasionally bring in a prestige name. A.B.C. have presented Alun Owen and Harold Pinter: the Corporation has had new plays by John Arden and John Mortimer. What is missing is the presence of such young playwrights as Peter Nichols, Clive Exton, and Peter Draper whose work has given Channel 9 (despite its lapses in quality grosser than any the B.B.C. would countenance) a tenuous, but genuine, tradition of television drama.

Such writers cannot be whistled up out of nowhere, and perhaps the B.B.C. was unfortunate in having backed promising newcomers who promptly blinkered themselves to routine entertainment. But I would be interested to know how much encouragement new talent gets: what has become of Robert Cotton, author of the subtle play *No Friendly Star*, and where is C. S. Abraham, the Liverpool bus driver who wrote *Ice-Blink*? And why is it that young playwrights employed by the Corporation disappear from view? This

is a sour question on which to conclude an assessment of a year containing productions as splendid as Peter Dew's *The Case of Private Hamp*, and John Jacobs's *Journey's End*; but, in the hope of receiving a posthumous answer, I shall let it stand.

Like Miles Malleeson's *The Fanatics*, Ronald Mackenzie's *Musical Chairs* (June 26) is often spoken of as a fore-runner of *Look Back in Anger*, and the interest of seeing it revived in 'Twentieth Century Theatre' was heightened by Gerard Glaister's casting of Kenneth Haigh—the first Jimmy Porter—in the equivalent part of Joseph Schindler, the embittered survivor of the first

world war who has turned his back on the scramble of human endeavour and confines himself to launching lethal tirades from the security of his piano stool while the remainder of the family busy themselves gainfully at the oil well.

In the shadow of the callous Porter, Joseph emerges as one of the last true romantic heroes. He may spit the phrase 'pale and interesting' out of the corner of his mouth, but only to prevent others from realizing how closely it applies to him. He has all the romantic equipment—tuberculosis, a secret sorrow, a capacity for ostentatious communion with Beethoven, and—as a final gesture—the careless bravura of his death which makes everybody feel sorry. Mr. Haigh, looking like a young Brecht, plainly understood that he was in contact with a creature very different from Jimmy, and he played with quietness, intelligence, and wit; but it was an externally subdued performance that lacked the inner warmth and generosity that give the character its seductive ambivalence.

After thirty years the play remains superbly alert; in their manic pursuit of sex and wealth the household still emit the raw note of immediate reality that has been reverberating since 1931. André Morell's wearily sensual Schindler

and Marian Spencer's display of the wife's panic-stricken gentility were brimming over with ruthlessly selfish life.

'An Age of Kings' has now moved on to *Henry IV Part Two*. Among its more striking details were Hermione Baddeley's dilapidated Doll, George Cooper's Marlovian *tour de force* in the daunting part of Pistol, and the wryly tolerant Lord Chief Justice of Geoffrey Bayldon. On this series I feel I have said my say; so I shall now withdraw and look forward to reading Mr. Cookman's reactions to it.

IRVING WARDLE

Mr. Anthony Cookman, Junior, will take over next week from Mr. Wardle.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Taints and Dooms

A NARRATOR GENERALIZING rather grandly about the morality of 'the sunset years of Queen Victoria's reign' introduced Cedric Messina's production of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* (Home, June 20). It was evidently felt that some explanation was required for the strange conduct of Pinero's people. Indeed a young listener might have needed the help of a sociologist to explain what 'leading a man's life' was supposed to mean, and precisely how the good girl Ellean was able to see in her stepmother's face that she was a creature 'tainted through and through'. The morality of the play belongs, I think, more to theatrical history than to the real world, though in its day it was considered a challenging statement about society.

Without encouraging pedantry, it would perhaps add to the pleasure of a revival of this kind if we were given a spoken programme note about the first audiences and performers who made it a success. In this case there would be the views of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who played Paula Tanqueray, and of Bernard Shaw to draw upon. In radio Pinero's weaknesses proved hard to conceal. The beginning is inevitably slow and clumsy and the machinery for producing crises creaks audibly. Coral Browne kept Paula attractive and almost credible—a difficult feat when the character must also be ill-used, irritable, jealous, and vulgar. Her tantrums and torments hit hard and the piano-playing scene went well. But there is nothing much left of poor Mrs. Tanqueray now that she has ceased to shock, despite Pinero's once-vaunted stagecraft. Power-

ful sentiment is not a good preservative on its own, and this play has faded as much as an old Academy problem painting.

The broadcasting of *The Tragedy of King Lear* (Third, June 22) partly answers Charles Lamb's argument that 'Lear is essentially impossible to be represented on a stage'. We can listen to the mind of Lear without the irrelevancies of a stage storm and are spared the distraction of some of the seen violence and confusion from disguises. Of course, Lamb was partly judging the stage of his time and partly expressing squeamishness towards a play which comes near to being unbearable without any tricks of illusion or storming by actors or producer.

Charles Lefeaux's production seemed to me clear, straightforward, and properly balanced. Effects were kept in their place and the words allowed to make their proper effect without the roaring, squeaking, and gibbering which so often deaden



Scene from *Henry IV Part Two*, on June 23, with (left to right, front) Angela Baddeley as Mistress Quickly, Frank Pettingell as Sir John Falstaff, and Geoffrey Bayldon as the Lord Chief Justice

their meaning. From the ugly jesting of Gloucester about his bastard son in the first minute, the quick, fierce piling up of pain, madness, and despair was carried without faltering. I thought there was some over-pointing of the recurrent imagery of the play. Despite recent critical enthusiasm for these underground themes they remain obscure and can only speak to the unconscious mind.

Stephen Murray was a good Lear, able to suggest that he might have been a king of stature and wisdom even in the early movement of the play before suffering dignifies the old man. It is hard not to feel that the Fool (Alec McCowen) and Edgar (John Rye) are deliberately taunting the king in their 'madnesses'. At least in this performance there was no extra fantasticality of their lines.

The poor whites of Faulkner's *As I Lay Dying* (Third, June 23) were altogether too much for me. Reading Faulkner alone it is easy enough to be beaten into submission by his magniloquence and by the relentlessly excessive miseries of his characters, but in dramatic form the nightmare of stinking corpse, starving children, deluded half-wit and attendant buzzards became merely comic. The mixture of adjectival ecstasy in narration and unspoken soliloquy with dialogue realistically illiterate is perhaps a specifically American taste in writing. Dramatically presented it was far from any imaginable reality or even mythology, and struck me as a severer parody of Faulkner than *Cold Comfort Farm* was of the Powys world.

I was surprised to find Stephen Grenfell making our flesh creep with isotopes in *The Herd* (Home, June 25) but his scene in which a family is proved to be contaminated by the use of a clicking Geiger counter was effective. The nastiness of the village turning against this family was neatly built up by Audrey Cameron. Perhaps it is prejudice against the literature of rustic superstitions that made me regret that those villagers had at the very same time seen their local 'Doom Water' rising. And the happy ending, though neither unduly faked nor overplayed, was too sudden to be swallowed.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



People Today

THE MICROPHONE HAS a way of presenting character far more sharply than any television screen. It does not allow us to be distracted by the accidents of physical appearance, by the cut of a profile or a coat, the disconcerting fiddle or twitch or blink. It gives us the voice, the whole voice, and nothing but the voice; and in doing so it gives us the character with disconcerting precision. The nervous, the ineffectual, and the insincere are revealed within the first minute, before they have uttered their first 120 words. But ease of manner, strength of character, frankness, geniality, charm (which is the rarest quality of all): these are quite as easy to detect; and when one or more of these qualities comes across, the result may well be an impressive broadcast.

We had one such broadcast when (Home Service, June 19) Sir John Barbirolli gave us the self-portrait of a conductor. He was prompted by his friend C. B. Rees, who remembered the first two essentials of interviewing: to ask the right questions, and to keep them to a minimum. And thus prompted Sir John recalled his life from the tender age of four, when he had borrowed white gloves from a relative and locked himself up to play at being conductors. His lifelong enthusiasm (one might indeed call it passion) was evident; so were his modesty, his disarming humour and warmth of character. Here, one felt, was an all-round man, an in-

dividual whom one would recognize among a thousand. I hope that this monologue will be repeated, for it gave a rare and vital impression of a rare and vital character.

The close-up of Benjamin Britten (Home Service, June 23) only revealed the excellence of the Barbirolli portrait. It is strange how different two of a series can be. Here, in polite conversation with the Earl of Harewood, was a modest, gentlemanly character who told us surprisingly little about himself. We learnt how he had been influenced by Auden and Rimbaud, how he had found in America that he was a European by instinct; we learnt how he composed in a businesslike way quite foreign to ideas of 'artistic inspiration'. We learnt that he planned out music in his head and then it was 'only a question of putting down the right notes' (rather like Gautier's method of writing a novel). But after half-an-hour's conversation, the fundamental paradox remained: Mr. Britten liked writing *pièces d'occasion*, but he 'could only write the sort of music he had his heart in'. And what was Mr. Britten really like? We had no clear impression of the composer as a human being. We had spent the time on cocktail-party formalities; we had not got down to essentials, and we could not have picked Mr. Britten out in a crowd. This was a colourless conversation: very pale and ineffectual beside the Holbein of Sir John Barbirolli.

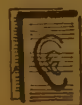
We turned from individuals to men *en masse* in 'Find, Fix, and Strike' (Home Service, June 22). This gave us the story of the Fleet Air Arm in the words of retired and serving officers and men; and it certainly suggested how impressive institutions may start from inauspicious beginnings. But I am not sure that we should have had a woman to narrate this masculine story; and I had a nagging feeling, throughout the programme, of 'I have been here before'. Couldn't we have a respite, just for a little, from these war reminiscences and tales of the Services? There is a distressing sameness about them.

This month's 'Talking of Theatre' (Network Three, June 21) gave us a conversation between Margaret Leighton and John Mortimer on acting and writing for the stage. It was an unoriginal talk, larded with mutual compliments; but the second half of the programme made amends. Tyrone Guthrie discussed the role of the director with an alertness and thoughtfulness and a command of language that marked him as a 'natural' for broadcasting. We should have a series of straight talks by Mr. Guthrie on aspects of the theatre.

I must end this week with a resounding protest. The Third Programme has long been recognized as a kind of Senior Common Room—or Combination Room, as the case may be; and on June 21 we had a poetry reading by the Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. The points occurred to me as I listened to the resurrection of Richard Corbett's work. In the first place, was it worth resurrection? And, in the second, if Corbett was more than literary bric-à-brac, was Professor Trevor-Roper the right man to read his work? Suppose a historian talked about an obscure seventeenth-century clarinettist, would he illustrate his talk by playing the clarinet? Why should he be better qualified to read poetry?

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



Britten's Dream

LISTENING TO THE broadcast of Benjamin Britten's new opera *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Home, June 24), I could not help thinking that those of us who had already seen it on the stage at Aldeburgh were at an immense advantage. Not that

conditions in the tiny Jubilee Hall are altogether ideal; even there it had been a little difficult to ignore the too-obvious mechanics and enter that enchanted wood near Athens. But over the air, robbed of the assistance of John Piper's evocative sets, it became almost impossible. The engineers had obviously had to place their microphones very close indeed to the singers and players, to minimise the noises that even an Aldeburgh audience cannot help making, and so every movement on the stage produced a barrage of unintended percussion, and every cough or noisily turned page tore a hole in Britten's finely calculated score.

And the score of the *Dream* really is of an incredible fineness. In spite of the fact that he is here writing for about three times as large an orchestra as in his chamber operas (*Lucretia*, *Albert Herring*, *The Turn of the Screw*) Britten's textures are more economical than ever. This comes, I think, not merely from his own ingrained contempt for padding but also, in the present case, from the density of Shakespeare's language and the rapidity with which the plot must move. It is a technical *tour de force* on Britten's part that in this opera he has managed to present so much of Shakespeare in a theatrically viable form without for a moment renouncing music's function of commenting, illuminating, and ultimately transcending the drama.

Inevitably a score in which every word and every note counts as much as this must prove particularly vulnerable to unfavourable performing conditions, but although listening to the broadcast had its disadvantages it did enable one to concentrate on the music and on the way in which it was being sung. In general the singers seemed to me even better than when I had heard them before. The boys, though one or two still sounded a little anxious, were far more accurate as a group, and the collective character of Britten's fairies—robust yet plangent—came across very strongly. Jennifer Vyvyan could hardly have bettered her previous account of Tytania's music, but Alfred Deller's Oberon made much more of an impression without the distraction of his rather gauche stage-presence, and fully justified Britten's choice of this particular voice for the part.

In a sense the human characters have a harder task, for they must convey through their singing a far wider dramatic range. Outstanding among the lovers was April Cantelo, who never seemed to miss a verbal point; her quarrel duet with Marjorie Thomas in the second act was wonderfully vivid. It is a pity that neither George Maran nor Thomas Hemsley, intelligent singers as they both are, seems to have quite this feeling for words, yet as a quartet these four would be hard to better. So, too, with the rustics—with one vital exception. While all the others contrive to be funny within the bounds set by their music, Owen Brannigan allows himself just a little too much of the old pro's liberties. This Bottom, in a word, is too broad.

Fairies, lovers, rustics—Britten has found the perfect musical expression for each of them. But there is one weak point that must spring, I think, from a deep-seated failure of sympathy. The earthly authority which sanctions the union of the two pairs of lovers and provides the rustics' parody-play with its context and justification is that of Theseus and Hippolyta. Somehow in the opera they remain mere shadows, and even the magnificence of the transition to their court in the middle of the Third Act strikes a hollow note. In a recorded interview with Lord Harewood on the previous evening ('People Today': Home, June 23) Britten had explained that the ground-plan of a work is in his head before he 'finds the notes' to fill it. This interlude, and the music that immediately

follows it, is the only part of the work where one is conscious that 'finding the notes' may have been no more than that.

Nor is this anything to do with the fact that Britten has here had recourse to a twelve-note series, concealed in the ostinato that underlies the overlapping fanfares. There are many other places in the work (the lovers' chorus of awakening, to name only one) where the same technical principle seems not merely apt but inspired. Britten has often been accused of being too

'clever', but in fact his fabulous technical facility (which is presumably what people mean by cleverness) remains constant. It is only when inspiration fails him—as I think it momentarily does at this point—that technique, lacking a *raison d'être*, suddenly becomes conspicuous.

It is paradoxical that a composer whose greatest works clearly owe their greatness to some profoundly personal impulse—one thinks of *Billy Budd*, *The Turn of the Screw*, the recent *Nocturne*—should wish to think of him-

self as a craftsman, never so happy as when he is composing an occasional piece, but this is a deception that other composers too have found it necessary to practise on themselves. We can hardly complain of an occasional flaw if it permits them to create something as perfect as the second act of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

JEREMY NOBLE

Mr. Rollo Myers will take over next week from Mr. Noble.

Improvisation

By HANS KELLER

Matyas Seiber's Violin Sonata will be broadcast at 7.30 p.m. on Thursday, July 7 (Third)

A FEW years ago, at Darmstadt or Donaueschingen or Dartington or wherever it was, I was heard muttering that 'total serialization' which included making rows out of the composer's button-holes (not the buttons themselves, whose behaviour could not be foreseen with sufficient precision), was an obsessional vogue which would not last the night. My friends pitied me. They were not going to be caught napping in the face of the New, however marked its soporific quality. I was given to understand that, rather surprisingly, I was growing senile in my thirties. Whereupon my friends dispersed to figure out their respective dynamic rows. I was left brooding over my coffee, a solitary figure with an impressive outward squint, one eye looking into the past, the other into the future.

I can now disclose that total serialization or structuralization or whatever it was called (it's so long ago) is off. Boulez, one of the most gifted of its exponents, has decided to describe it as a drug addiction, so my friends might have been caught napping after all, without disrespect to the music. And while Boulez and Stockhausen hardly seem on talking terms nowadays (with Nono being opposed to either), they, and plenty of others besides, share the new ideal of improvisation. I am not suggesting that one 'has it' from the other: improvisation is too obvious a reaction against pre-organization—which it does not, at the same time, exclude.

It all happened between the I.S.C.M. Festivals at Zürich (1957) and Cologne (1960). At Zürich, there was still hardly a programme note that did not refer to total serialization; the new era seemed durably established. At Cologne just now, there was hardly a programme note that did not refer to improvisation, and improvisation in performance at that; again, the new era is well established.

The tendency to replace composition by pre-composition (all-dimensional serialization) was a symptom of creative corruption, however strong the individual talent corrupted: where you don't trust your imagination, you have to be able to account for everything before the event. But the compulsive tendency towards interpretative improvisation is merely the obverse of the coin: where you don't trust your imagination, you leave it to the performers. However, we must beware of confusing diagnosis with evaluation. Neurosis doesn't help things, but it does not altogether inhibit them either. Group neurosis, moreover, indicates inescapable pressure of external circumstances: owing to the break-up of tonality, many a considerable talent which, in former times, might readily have trusted its imagination, develops symptoms of insecurity.

At the same time, there is one concept the newest era has thrown up which is artistically

meaningless—that of 'chance' or indeterminacy as a counterweight to pre-determination. True art never leaves anything to chance. A real composer, beside following his own intuition, may leave certain things—like a cadenza—to the performer, but that is not chance. Nothing shows the bankruptcy of the imagination more clearly than this invalid distinction between pre-determination and chance. What is not pre-composed is, or should be, simply composed, by the composer and/or the interpreter: it should be part of the normal, consistent creative process. Real chance would mean replacing the work of art by what the listener may be able to read into it. Unfortunately, my subjunctive is euphemistic.

Even Stockhausen, however, whom we cannot acquit of working with this illegitimate element of real chance, introduces 'chance' aspects into his music which are artistically justifiable because they are not really chance. In the percussion *Zyklus* recently heard on the Third Programme, for instance, much is left to the performer, both in the order of events and in their actual rhythmic realization, but that simply means that the composer entrusts the re-creator with part of the creative task, an act of self-denial which is merely chancy, and which in this particular case might not be entirely regrettable. At any rate, after I had heard the piece three times over it struck me that while the duration, which was Stockhausen's, was disproportionate, the effectiveness of the music and even the consistency of the colour scheme might have been increased if Mr. Heinz Haedler, the excellent percussion player, had been left to his own improvisatory devices altogether.

However that might be, the artistic position becomes more precarious in those 'mobiles', as they are called, where more than one performer is involved in the mobility of the structure. If the mobility is confined to the horizontal dimension, to the order of events, and/or if there is a conductor in charge of improvisatory events, as in Boulez's latest work, *Pli selon pli* (*Portrait de Mallarmé*), inartistic chance can still be excluded, at any rate in theory. But where two or more people improvise simultaneously outside an intuitively established harmonic framework, the vertical aspect of the music easily becomes a matter of real chance; how am I to know what you are going to play next?

Matyas Seiber has always been acutely aware of contemporary developments without being infected by fashion. He never subscribed to anything like total serialization, for instance, and I think he does in fact share my opinion that such things as dynamic rows do not, musically, exist. Both in his forms and in his actual handling of tone-rows, moreover, a strong improvisatory tendency has often been apparent, and some

of his serial devices which, on paper, may look like the last word in 'constructivism', have actually been the result of improvised planning in the concrete course of the creative process.

Nor, on the other hand, does his latest piece, the masterly and inspired Violin Sonata in three movements, abjure this idea of improvised planning in favour of the current ideal of planned improvisation. At the same time, the improvisatory character of much of the music is even stronger than in previous works; only the rondo-like structure of the middle movement, which provides the formalized dance element, is free from improvisatory freedom. Otherwise, while the 'free', but imaginatively consistent, treatment of the tone row will not, of course, be immediately recognized, the improvisatory aspects of the outer movements (*Appassionato e rapsodico* and *Lento e rubato* respectively) will strike the ear at the first hearing. The opening movement, in particular, grows ever more cadenza-like towards the end, until, for a brief space of time, planned improvisation does actually take the place of normal composition. In the score, the following footnote is attached to this 'mobile' section: 'The players should continue to improvise on models a-g (violin) and 1-8 (piano) in any combination for about 15-20 seconds. Variations on these models can be used by changing register (using more extreme registers, particularly for highest and lowest notes on the piano); the order of notes can also be changed as long as each instrument keeps to the six notes allotted to it'. Now, since the six-note groups given to each instrument do not share any note, doubling cannot ensue, and the worst harmonic nonsense is avoided.

Nevertheless, I am not altogether happy about this plan. The absence of nonsense does not, in itself, make sense. The charge of 'real chance' can only be brushed aside on the assumption that the changes of harmony emerging from the players' endeavours do not matter, that with the avoidance of doubling, and owing to the horizontal movement of the figures derived from the models, a static harmonic field is created for the duration of the improvisation—an assumption in which I am unable to acquiesce. If the fact that one vertical combination follows another does not mean anything, it shouldn't follow. If I had to play this improvisation, I should certainly rehearse it very carefully, in order to knock the maximum of harmonic sense into it.

I have concentrated on this minor point in what may well prove a major work, because in our present historical context it constitutes a problem which those who have sworn allegiance to meaningful art cannot afford to neglect. To the performance of the work itself I look forward with intense and considered enthusiasm.

Bridge Forum

Inter-City Par Contest—Final

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



THE FINALISTS in the inter-city par contest were Liverpool, represented by Mr. E. L. Figgis, Mr. K. Barbour, Mrs. J. L. Richardson, and Mr. L. G. Helm, and a team from various cities in Cheshire, consisting of Mr. J. E. Gordon, Mrs. O. J. Topping, Mr. E. C. Phillips, and Mr. A. P. Driver. They were awarded points for the bidding and play of the following hand: North dealer, game all:

NORTH
 ♠ A K 7 6 4 2
 ♥ A K J 8 5 3
 ♦ A
 ♣ —

WEST
 ♠ Q 9 8
 ♥ 9 4
 ♦ J 8 4
 ♣ K 9 7 5 2

EAST
 ♠ —
 ♥ Q 7
 ♦ K Q 10 9 7 6
 ♣ A Q J 10 8

SOUTH
 ♠ J 10 5 3
 ♥ 10 6 2
 ♦ 5 3 2
 ♣ 6 4 3

The Liverpool North-South pair were playing the Nottingham One Club system. That accounts for the opening bid in the following sequence:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
Mr.	Mrs.	Mr.	Mr.
Barbour	Richardson	Figgis	Helm
—	—	1C	1D
No	No	2D	3C
No	No	4C	No
4S	5C	5S	No
No	No		

Even though his partner's response was forced, North might have hazarded Six Spades. The team nevertheless scored 5½ out of 8 for bidding.

The directed contract, in which the hand had to be played, was Six Spades by North. Winning the diamond lead, North cashed the ace and king of spades and the ace of hearts, and exited with a spade. Later he finessed in hearts to go one down. This was unlucky in a sense but there was a safer way to play the hand, as was soon to appear.

The Cheshire bidding went as follows:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
Mrs.	Mr.	Mr.	Mr.
Topping	Phillips	Gordon	Driver
—	—	2C	2D
No	3D	3S	4C
4S	6C	6H	7C
No	No	7S	No
No	No		

There was good defensive bidding in this auction and South's Four Spades was commendably imaginative. With a hand so unpromising for a grand slam she should, perhaps, have doubled East's Seven Clubs instead of letting this run up to her partner. The team scored 6 out of 8 for bidding and again North had to play in the directed contract of Six Spades.

After winning the first diamond and laying down the ace of spades, Mr. Gordon found the excellent safety play of leading the jack of hearts. East could scarcely have three hearts, so this play was certain to win against any heart distribution. If the jack lost to the queen declarer would be able to enter dummy with the 10 and take the marked finesse in spades. Cheshire scored 4 out of 4 for the play and so won the match by 10 points to 6½.

The recommended bidding, on which play had to be based, was as follows:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
—	—	2S	3D
No	No	4H	5C
5S	6C	6S	No
No	No		

On a hand such as North's it is preferable to open with one of the two suits rather than with a conventional bid which may eventually lead to loss of time.

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For the Housewife



Using a Refrigerator Wisely

By MORRIS CRAIG

EFFECTIVE REFRIGERATION depends on the proper circulation of air inside the cabinet, therefore do not pack foods tightly. Remember that certain foods are susceptible to absorbing odours from other foods. Those most likely to do so are cream, milk, and butter. For example, if you put a melon into a refrigerator, any milk or cream stored nearby will absorb the flavour of the melon. This is because a refrigerator has a flow of air which drops from the ice compartment to the bottom of the cabinet and then travels up again to the ice section.

Because the atmosphere in a refrigerator is dry, it is essential that green stuffs, such as lettuce, should be kept in a separate container. If there is not a container, plastic bags are a good alternative. But never use an old plastic bag for lettuce, or anything else, before it has been washed inside and out and allowed to dry thoroughly. If you do not dry it, the build-up of moisture in the bag can make the food unpleasant. Aluminium foil is useful—particularly for fitting round cheese, or for wrapping round a loaf of bread, which, if sealed from the air, will come out of the refrigerator as fresh as when it went in.

When storing milk, the important point to remember is that caps and bottles should always be wiped with a clean cloth before being put in the cabinet. Butter and cheese should be kept in glass dishes or covered containers or wrapped in greaseproof paper. Put them on an upper shelf or

in the special covered compartment in the door.

Uncooked meat should be unwrapped as soon as it comes from the butcher. Wipe it with a clean cloth, cover lightly with a sheet of grease-proof paper and keep on the lowest shelf of the cabinet or in the chiller drawer or cold tray. Poultry should be first plucked, drawn, and cleaned. Then wash the bird thoroughly inside and out with cold water; drain it, wipe with a clean cloth, wrap and put it on the lowest shelf.

For fish careful storage is particularly important because of its smell. First, wipe the fish, rewrap it and put it, if you can, into the chiller drawer, cold tray, or container. In refrigerators

without a chiller drawer, wet fish should be placed as close below the ice section as possible, preferably surrounded by pieces of ice. Cooked fish should be kept in a covered container. You should not keep fish, cooked or uncooked, for longer than two or three days.

Fruit is kept in the refrigerator to check ripening and to make it more palatable and appetizing. If you put soft fruits in the refrigerator it stops them getting mouldy; but be careful to remove any bad fruit before storing. Quick-frozen foods should always be stored in the ice section of the refrigerator.

—'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme)

Notes on Contributors

DAVID THOMSON (page 1123): Lecturer in History, Cambridge University, and Master of Sidney Sussex College; author of *Equality, Europe Since Napoleon*, etc.

IVAN YATES (page 1125): political correspondent of *Reynolds News*

WALTER KOLARZ (page 1127): in charge of Central Research Unit, European Services, B.B.C.; author of *Myths and Realities in Eastern Europe, How Russia is Ruled*, etc.

H.R.H. PRINCE CHULA-CHAKRABONGSE of Thailand, HON.G.C.V.O. (page 1131): journalist, author of *First Class Ticket, Lords of Life: the Paternal Monarchy of Thailand, 1782-1932*, etc.

IAN NAIRN (page 1132): assistant editor of *The Architectural Review*; author of *Outrage, Counter-Attack against Subtopia*

T. F. T. PLUCKNETT, F.B.A. (page 1134): Professor of Legal History, London University; Dean of Faculty of Laws, 1954-58; author of *Concise History of the Common Law*, etc.

MAGNUS PYKE (page 1136): Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; author of *Nothing Like Science*, etc.

FRANCIS WATSON (page 1142): director of the visual arts department, British Council, 1947-49; author of *Daniel Defoe*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,570

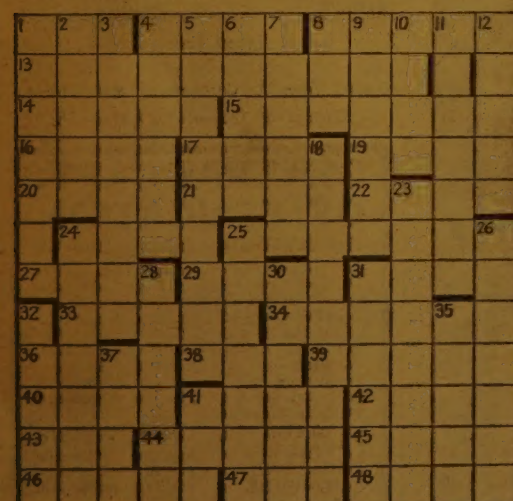
Baloney

By Babs

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, July 7. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final

The typical down clue is really a pair of consecutive clues: one to the main answer, which is to be entered in the diagram; the other to a shorter answer which remains if the first and last letters of the main answer are removed. Thus the clue: 'It doesn't make sense by itself (7)' might give BALONEY. The main answer is not necessarily clued first. The remaining down clues are normal, except that the letters of the answer are jumbled.



Across clues are normal. Chambers's Dictionary contains all the answers except the proper nouns at 24A, 42A, and 20.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. More than half a loaf is no better than ill-bred (3)
4. The colour of stale crusts (4)
8. Withdrawn to windward (5)
13. Sceptical and sarcastic, especially about religion (10)
14. It may like Africa, but it's no good out of England (5)
15. Those were the days, for preference (7)
16. Pride's leavings (4)
17. She's inexpensive either way (4)
19. Little Eleanor, that's all (4)
20. Wooden fender, just the thing for the children (4)
21. Goes on long narrow pieces of wood (4)
22. A crown for the Protector (4)
24. He made a pilgrimage to Rome and got his feet wet (4)
25. Toothed bicycle pedal, half pitch in reverse (7)
27. Carry on (4)
29. Rise and rearrange without chain (4)
31. A quarter of an oatmeal cake (4)
33. Host plant of the cochineal (5)
34. Front cover that can be seen through (6)
36. Essentially damask rose (4)
38. Beat (3)
39. Settled some time ago (5)
40. Cut off the final (4)
41. Fish for a king? Sounds disgusting (4)
42. Rome's near rival (4)
43. Look, a dance (3)
44. Follow *post hoc et propter hoc* (5)
45. Old fashioned front half of the wild man of Borneo? (6)
46. Summer creeper (5)
47. Sign of a novice, to be kept at arm's length (3)
48. Group of stars—plucked ones (4)

DOWN: Typical

1. Put two crops in reverse (7)
2. Nibbling the pink 'un (8)
3. Arduous route belonging to a fiscal survey (9)
7. Astronomical lady, queen of the east (6)
9. Shed tears over the ratificatory comment (6)
11. The inner chamber of the eye-spot (7)

12. Deadly period of identifiable time (5)
18. Bitter Spenserian plant—a poetical turn (9)
23. Rover's opposite number, where nowadays there is often more flute than fruit (8)
24. Hollow, hypocritical, revolutionary—a hundred of them (7)
25. There's a snake slipping back; it might be Sir John's idea of humour (7)
26. R.C. no. 78, old style (7)
28. Ruff high is this style of poetic narrative (6)
31. 'Bottoms up!' as Shakespeare might have it play the goat (6)
32. High-grade non-intoxicant expresses impatience (5)

DOWN: Jumbled

2. 'Arms and the other man?' She had them both (5)
4. Didn't let the ball touch the ground (6)
6. Smarten up (5)
8. Eighty yards of worsted (3)
10. A lot of little bits of wool (4)
30. A sun-spot, perhaps (6)
35. The sacred half of hickery-pickery (5)
37. Rotting (4)
41. North or a little north (3)

Solution of No. 1,568

O	E	D	A	N	A	A	O
E	R	M	M	P	B	A	N
N	F	P	I	O	T	T	Y
I	L	T	O	E	L	R	H
E	M	G	N	A	S	V	T
H	T	W	A	E	S	P	T
O	H	O	A	E	S	N	O
I	T	M	S	E	L	N	A

NOTES

60-50-33-43-37-54-64-47-32-15-5-22-28-11-1-18
S H E W A S A P H A N T O M O F
3-9-26-20-35-41-58-52-62-56-39-45-30-24-7-13
D E L I G H T - A - L O V E L Y A P
19-4-10-25-42-57-51-36-46-61-55-40-23-8-14-29
P A R I T I O N - S E N T - T O - B E -
44-34-49-59-53-63-48-38-21-31-16-6-12-2-17-27
A M O M E N T ' S O R N A M E N T

(Wordsworth)

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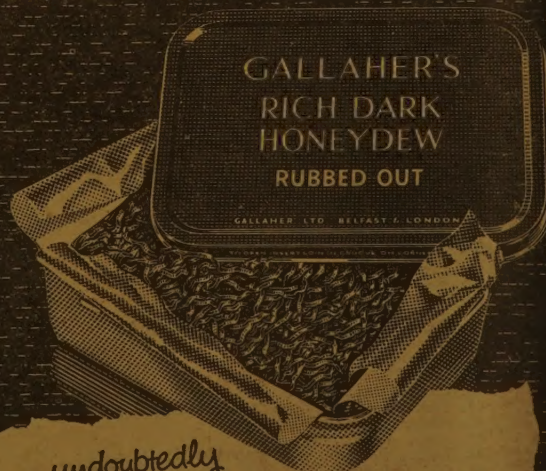
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